THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 19, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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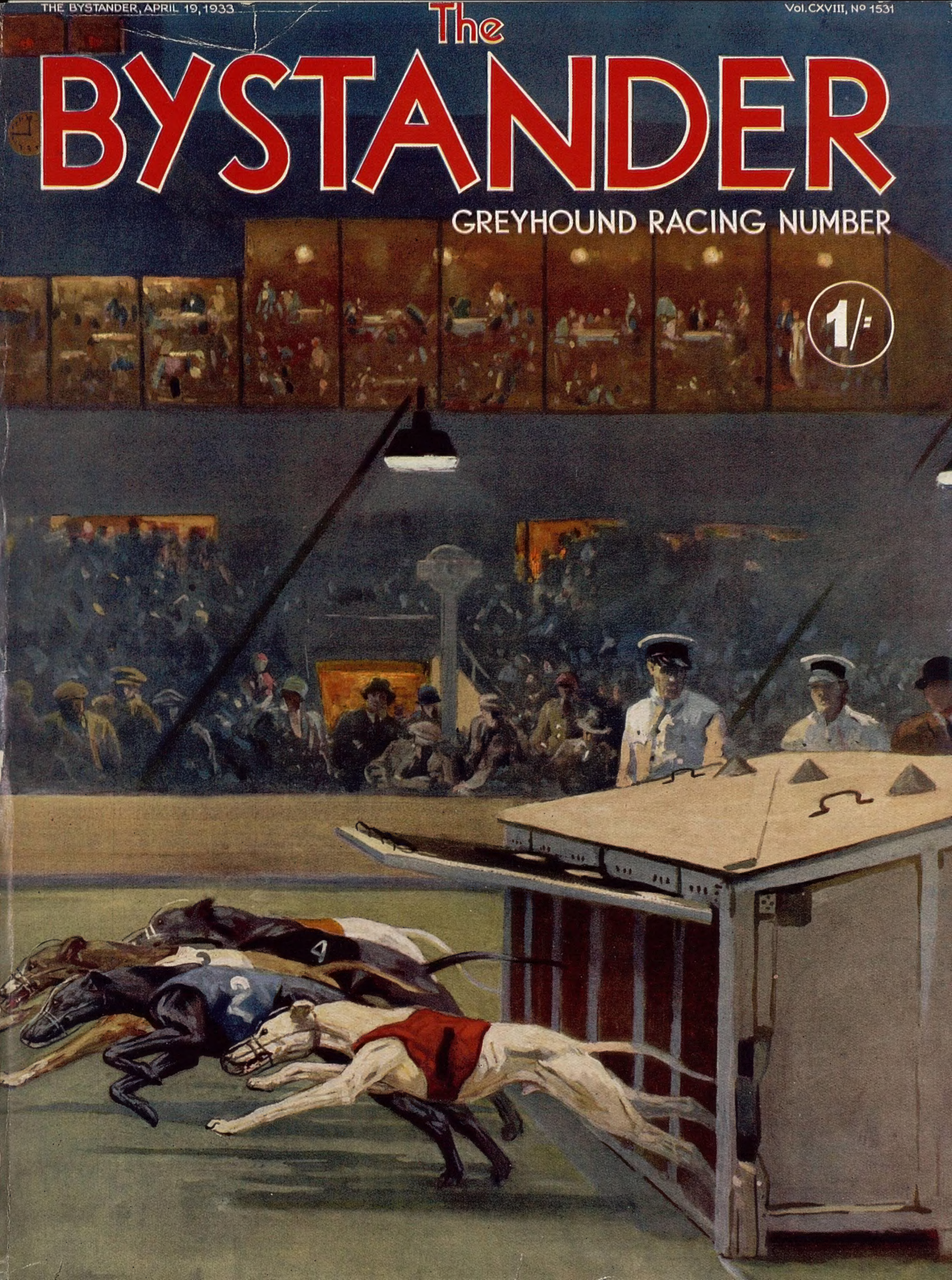

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Yevonde

MISS SUSAN CORBETT

One of the loveliest of this season's débutantes is Miss Susan Corbett, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Corbett; she is just eighteen. Her home is near Crom Castle, Co. Fermanagh, where Lord and Lady Erne live, and Lady Erne is presenting her at one of the May Courts

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Left: Lady Houston, whose great generosity has made possible the marvellous project of conquering Mount Everest from the air

Below: Lady Castlereagh and her sister-in-law, Lady Mary Stewart, were both at the Strand Theatre first night

Swaebe

Lady Delamere and Mrs. John Feilden were at the first night of the revival of Frederick Lonsdale's "On Approval" at the Strand Theatre

Swaebe

Two Young "Carriage-People"

The Earl and Countess of Bective's year-old son, Lord Kenlis, sits in his pram and gives the world a smile. He is the grandson of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort

Lady Houston

BY now, the invitations to the First Court ought to be out. One of the most interesting people to be presented will be the Dame of Sark, who is also going to present her daughter, Mrs. Lionel Beaumont. The Dame of Sark has autocratic powers in her little kingdom, and could even start a casino, with facilities for roulette, if she wished to do so.

I HAVE not yet heard whether Mrs. Charles Sweeny is going to be presented this season, as is customary after marriage. Mrs. Sweeny, of course, is an American now, and even with five Courts, there are only forty vacancies for the whole of the United States. Until Mr. Bingham, the new Ambassador, arrives, it is, presumably, still doubtful as to which ladies will be presented.

THE visit of Prince Hubertus of Prussia and his cousin, the Grand Duke Frederich of Mecklenburg, caused a great deal of excitement, particularly when it was learnt that they had paid a call on the Prince of Wales at York House. During their stay, they were taken by Mr. Duncan Sandys, of the Foreign Office, to the Café de Paris, in a party of which Miss Jeanne Stourton was a member. Oddly enough, though, there have been no references to the visit of Prince George of Hanover, who lunched with the King and Queen the other day.

BERKELEY SQUARE is becoming more aristocratic than ever nowadays. Lady Diana Cooper has started a flower-shop there. Lord Blandford has started an eggs and farm produce store; Lord Carnarvon owns a dress-shop there; and it was not so long ago that Mrs. Thursby was interested in a dressmaker's establishment in the north-west corner.

MEANTIME, Lansdowne House looks singularly dejected in its semi-demolished state. When, I wonder, will the much-advertised Bruton Club take tangible shape? No doubt the International Sportsmen's Club at Grosvenor House must be viewing the proposed scheme with great curiosity, because the facilities that were to be offered at the Bruton Club are just those that appeal to their own members.

ROUND the corner from Bruton Street there has been wild excitement at the Florida Restaurant. Captain Halsey assures me that a series of deliberate attempts to break into the place have been made by hooligans in the past few days. One bunch of them tried to break into the glass receptacle where the "Mermaid" was displaying herself, and the poor girl, though an artist's model, was so upset in her nude condition that she uttered a loud yell and went out in a dead faint.

ON another occasion two tough-looking men drove up and said, "Be careful. You are for the 'high jump' to-night," and then drove off again. Captain Halsey must be feeling increasingly glad that he installed his couple of £150 electrically-controlled doors, with their grilled peep-hole. It would take a tank to break them in.

QUITE frankly, with everyone still away at Le Touquet, or only returning last night, there has not been much news in London. I hear, however, that Lord Long of Wraxall has resigned his commission in the Brigade of Guards, and so will be seen more in London. I also hear that, even now, Lady Jersey has not yet recovered from her 'flu, which she caught at Madeira.

INCIDENTALLY, numbers of people seem to have gone to Estoril for Easter. They found that you could get a first class return cabin for sixteen or eighteen pounds. When it is realised that this

Swaebe

in Hyde Park

Lady Caroline Blackwood is regularly out and about in Hyde Park in her "carriage." She is the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava's daughter, and is rising two

"keeps" you for six days there and back, the fare becomes immediately very reasonable. Already, too, people are bathing there, and the Casino is very gay. Next week I will be able to tell you something about Le Touquet.

LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON'S eight-seater amphibian flew a number of people over to Le Touquet, landing them on the beach, from whence they were transported to the Golf Hotel, which, like the Picardy, and, indeed, most of the other hotels, was pretty well crowded to the roof. I hear, by the way, that Buck's Club intends to hold its July meeting once again at Le Touquet, instead of at Lytham St. Annes.

LORD D'ABERNON is back again in England after his usual few weeks in Italy. His white beard can frequently be seen in St. James's Place, where he has taken one of the most delightful houses in London. As one noticed at the Christie-Miller reception, all these houses have charming gardens, separated by only a rail from the Green Park, and must be among the quietest in Mayfair, where it is becoming increasingly difficult to find peace.

PRESUMABLY, the Royal Caledonian Ball is among the oldest annual functions in the season, the one on May 29th next being the eighty-fifth of the series. Once again the Prince of Wales (as Duke of Rothesay) and the Duke and Duchess of York (as the Earl and Countess of Inverness) will be among the Royal patrons, and once again we mere men cannot be admitted in plain evening dress. It is either full-dress uniform, Highland dress, Court dress, or hunting dress. But (whisper it!), if you have none of these, you can get by if you fix coloured facings to your tail-coat.

INCIDENTALLY, I found the names of some of the patronesses most palatable. I don't know which I prefer—Mrs. Burn-Clerk-Rattray of Craighall-Rattray, or Mrs. Macrae-Gibstrap of Eilean Donan, or Mrs. Matheson of Little Scatwell, or Mrs. Charles Butter of Cluniemore, or Mrs. Fergusson-Buchanan of Auchentorlie. To this day I regret having failed to find from my Scottish grandmother what the local rule is which permits you to style yourself as being "of" somewhere.

THIS Ball is taking place at Grosvenor House, which has also been chosen by Lady Eleanor Smith, the Chairman of the Circus Ball. The latter takes place on May 10th, and the ice rink will be specially transformed for the evening. Freaks, fasting shows, numerologists, and clairvoyantes will be in attendance.

MOREOVER, to afford the immense population of the Metropolis an unique opportunity of enjoying itself and to enable the sportive to obtain the maximum amount of pleasure from the elegant entertainment, all and sundry are requested to don circus or fair costume. Thus there ought to be a truly amazing array of acrobats, clowns, Cossacks, cowboys, gipsies, grooms, harlequins, jockeys, jugglers, ring-masters, ring-hands, riders, Red Indians, tight-rope walkers, trainers, tumblers, and other entertaining and diverse folk.

MEANTIME, the private dance list is lengthening. The chief balls will be given by Lady Cavan, the Dowager Lady Salisbury, Lady Howard de Walden, and Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild. Most dances are being given in private houses, which is all that distinguishes them from the latest type of charity dance

English and Scottish Weddings

Above, left: Mr. Ralph Cobbold, only son of Colonel Ralph Cobbold-Sawle and Mrs. Cobbold, and Miss Veronica Christie-Miller, eldest daughter of Mrs. S. R. Christie-Miller, of Clarendon Park, Salisbury, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding

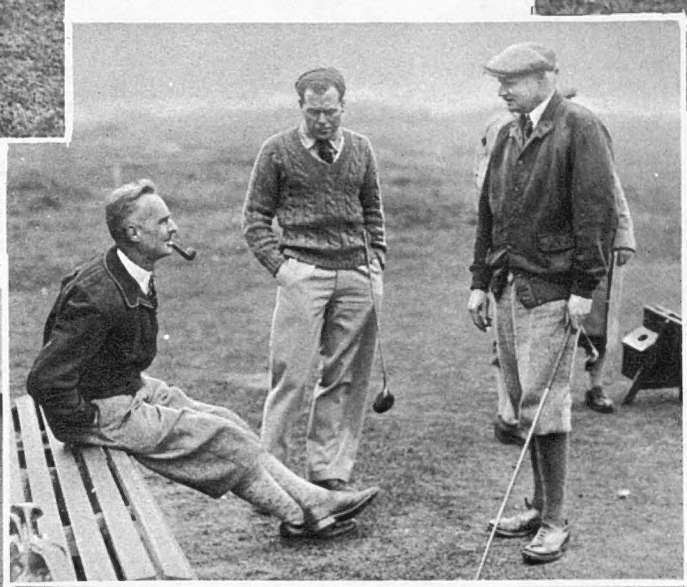
Left: Mr. Humphrey Scott-Plummer, and the Hon. Pamela Balfour, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross, were married at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. Mr. Scott-Plummer's mother is Mrs. Meade, of The Hangingshaw, Selkirk

At Hopetoun House, where the coming-of-age celebrations of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow's sons, the Earl of Hopetoun and Lord John Hope, took place: Lady Ann, Lady Mary and Lady Joan Hope

H. S. Malik, Old Eastbournians, who were beaten by Old Westminsters in the fourth round, with J. Allen, Old Uppinghamians, who suffered defeat in the second round

F. Garnham and S. R. Martyn, who played for the Old Foresters, beaten by Old Cranleighans by four to one

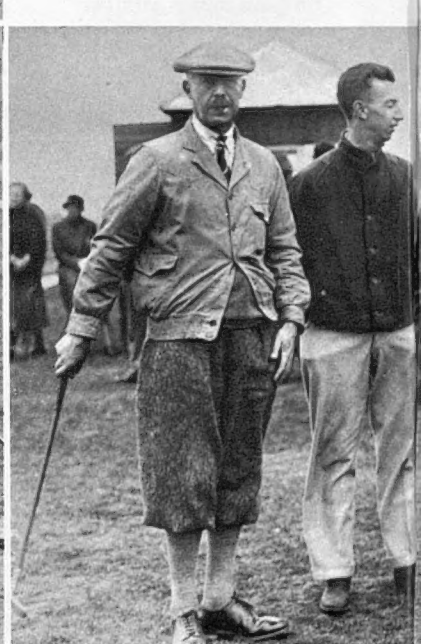
Above: H. M. Gow and R. S. Mays-Smith, Old Rugbeians, who helped to beat the Old Westminsters in the semi-final round by three matches to two



Left: E. Featherstone, R. L. Matthews, and A. F. Percival, three of the team who represented the Old Uppinghamians. They met the Old Eastbournians in the second round, and were just defeated by three matches to two

C. S. A. Begg, Old Oundelians, with Q. Dunsmore, Old Foresters. The latter Old Boys' side won the match in the second round by three to two, but were badly beaten in the third round

N. T. Elliott, Old Sherburnians, F. O'Leary, Old Gregorians, G. A. Wallinger, Old Sherburnians, and P. Quinn, Old Gregorians. Elliott and Wallinger helped their side to victory by winning their game and the whole match by four to one



Four of the Old Eastbournian Team. Frearson, who was his partner. two brothers who were also partners in which they played, but the

The Donor of the Cup

Mr. Halford Hewitt with Harry Hunter, who has been the well-known professional at Deal for forty-one years

J. Boyce and Maj. R. B. Vincent, Old Haileyburians, who, though winning their individual match against A. S. Thorn and R. C. Petherbridge, Old Hurst Johnians, lost to that school in the first round by three to two

"Wearing their Old School Tie"

Old Public School Boys Fight for the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal

Right: G. C. Stokoe, who with G. A. Hill played first pair for the Old Tonbridgians, seen chatting to W. Basil Pilling, Old Cliftonians. Old Tonbridgians won their second round match against the Old Wellingtonians

Lt.-Col. H. S. Poyntz, R. E. J. A. Griffiths and J. W. Griffiths, The brothers won all three matches other pair were not so successful

H. W. G. Davies, of the Old Cliftonians, with J. R. Soull, Old Blundellians. These two schools met in the second round, and the match resulted in a victory for the former by four games to one

B. C. L. Hockey, J. H. A. Hughes, and N. R. Reeves, three members of the Old Cranleighans' team, waiting at the first tee. Beautiful summer-like weather favoured a competition which becomes even more popular year by year

A Racing Reverie : Who was Who at Newmarket

By "Regular"

IT was a packet of fun to be back there again. We grumble and grouse about Newmarket, and sometimes have the temerity to complain that so little of the racing is visible, even with the aid of the strongest race glasses.

NOTHING could ever change Newmarket, and I found it identical in every respect when I was there last back-end. True, this time the sun shone from a cloudless sky, I made money, and left in the best of health; while, on the previous occasion, it poured with rain, I did my boots in, and left with a streaming cold. But, apart from these trifles, everybody and everything were just as they always have been and just as they always will be.

YES, and I almost forgot, we shall see much more of those jolly young Lords, Blandford and Churchill, this year. Like their dad, the Duke, they have taken up racing very seriously again, and our racecourses will be all the brighter for the presence of these two hail-fellow-well-met young men.

WHAT's more, in Corona-Corona, Lord Blandford owns a very useful three-year-old. In the Craven Stakes he stuck so well to Lochiel that Gordon had to go for his stick, and give Cameronian's brother a clout I could hear from the stands before he could shake him off.

LET us look around us at the gay but feudal gathering. There goes Lord Rosebery—he has "objection" written all over his face—as he hurries to the weighing-room. St. Mary Abbot filly has won the race, but in doing so has almost knocked Lord Rosebery's Isadora base over apex, and my "tenner" looks like going west, instead of coming home bringing two more tenners with it. Objection sustained, and my worst fears are justified.

LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP, making Myrobella look like a plater, out to beat her own record from the weighing-room to Jim Santay. Those legs may be short, but they do cover the ground.

MR. JACK CLAYTON, "who had taken a view" about St. Mary Abbot filly, is the best loser in the world, but he looks a little pale after this rebuff. However, Epsom's here again, and a bookmaker or two may be sitting up and taking notice a bit before the end of the week.

LORD CARNARVON, talking a great deal but telling you nothing; Sir "Jock" Jardine, talking still more and telling you less; and Mrs. and Miss Clayton telling you everything.

THE Stewards and members of the Jockey Club looked very grave, and I fully expected them to find it their painful duty to warn a lot of people off. I took comfort from the thought, though, that they always look like that. I suppose it's due to spending so much time driving about in that curious old-world vehicle they go down the course in.

MR. TATTERSALL climbs laboriously to the top of the stand for every race; he, too, looks very grave, and if you didn't know him, you might think that he'd just heard that Doncaster Sales were off, or that Bobby Jones had put him away.

VERY few people make the long ascent to the top of the stands, but it is well worth the journey, as you can see quite a lot of the racing from there. Up there I find Ralph Raphael and his charming wife, one of the best-looking and best-informed of our "Regulasses." He tells me that his "Old Man" (Harrovian for "Father") fancies his. It doesn't run very well, though.

ALSO "on top" is Mr. Sidney Galtry, who wields a very able pen. He has lately accused me of indulging in "pæons of praise," which is the first time I have been accused of that particular vice.

DOWN below I espy the younger brother of an Earl "making inquiries." I hope he got "put away." I fancy he did, as he looked very sour afterwards.

IN contrast to the people who go around looking as if they were attending a funeral and had just heard they hadn't been mentioned in the will, so they needn't have come, Lady Carnarvon always looks supremely happy, win, lose, tie, or wrangle. I thought she was the most attractive woman present.

ON the Thursday quite a lot of people stayed away, despite the fact that it was the best programme of the week. Ralph Cobbold, though, was staging a rival attraction in conjunction with one of our best-looking "Regulasses" in Miss Christie-Miller, and others were holding themselves in reserve for the cocktail party at Charles Street. Truly, it was a memorable day in the annals of British sport.

LINGFIELD really was lovely. I have known it the reverse. Everyone seemed to be there, and the Wilmots had good reason to look pleased. We were all sorry to see the gallant Dorigen beaten in her last race, but the Lambtons told me she'd not been herself, and so they hadn't laid the odds.

I'M inclined to believe, however, that time will prove she was taking something on in endeavouring to concede a packet more than weight for age to Una, a daughter of that wonderful mare Uganda, who never seems to throw a wrong 'un. A good many of us will be making Una our getting-out medium next week at Newmarket.

ALL who are out for a good time and, at the same time, to benefit a thoroughly deserving charity, should go to the Kempton Jubilee Race Ball in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children on May 5th. Everybody who is anybody will be there, and it should be a packet of fun. The Duke of Westminster is President, and all the smart racing people are Patrons. Tickets, 30s. each (only a trifle more than the entrance to Tattersall's at Sandown), can be obtained from Miss E. Fenton, Savoy Hotel, and, believe me, if you don't go, you'll miss a lot of fun.

Miss Whitaker, the Duke of Marlborough and Captain Percy Whitaker at Lingfield Park, where the first meeting of the season was held in the height of the pre-Easter "summer"

Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart tying her husband's number on his arm before the first race in the West Kent Hunt Point-to-Point, which was held at Canthurst Farm, near Sevenoaks

H. S. Malik (Old Eastbournians) discovers a new kind of turban as worn with great effect by the Deal Signal Section

Left: R. S. Mays-Smith going to the nineteenth for the Old Rugbeians, and proud to get there

E. Noel Layton, an Old Radleian, looked much as though he was dressed for the hornpipe

F. E. Blackstone, an Old Malvernian, had the smallest jersey, while L. G. Crawley, an Old Harrovian, had quite the largest

E. St. G. Hewetson and J. A. Slater, both Old Aldenhamians, played hockey-golf against the Old Malvernians

Left: C. T. Kenward and G. E. G. Millard, Old Tonbridgeans, just looked on while the other side (Old Rugbeians) won 3 to 2

T. L. C. Heald (Old Salopians) almost made Sandy Parlour a perfect "blind" hole by nearly doing it in one. A lucky escape!

John Hempson, Captain of the Sherburnians, rushing madly about while keeping the scores of his team on a cigarette-box

Ideal Victims at Deal

H. H. Harris's Impressions of Halford Hewitt Cup Competitors Straight from the Course

The SPORT-FOLIO

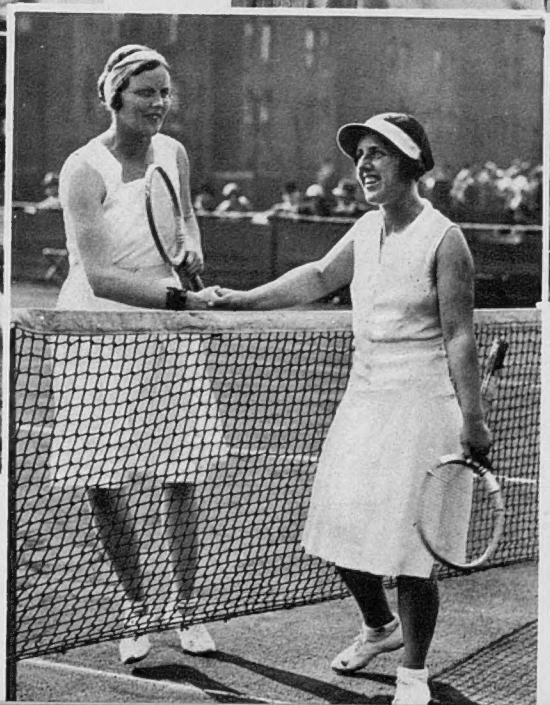
Left : the Old Rugbeian team, which, for the first time, were winners of the Halford-Hewitt Public Schools Cup at Deal. Back row (l. to r.) : J. S. Rowell, J. S. C. Maughan, H. M. Gow, G. Simpson. Sitting : D. H. R. Martin, J. S. Mellor, A. S. Bradshaw, Mr. Halford-Hewitt, with the coveted Cup, A. D. Cave, D. Watson, and R. S. Mays-Smith

Below : Miss Isobel Goring tying on the competitor's number for Miss Ulrica Thynne, at the South Berks Hunt Point-to-Point, which was held at Sonning Farm, near Reading

Rugby the Resolute

Left : His Honour, Judge Roope Reeve, K.C., on Huntsman, going out to race in the Heavyweight Race at the Bar Point-to-Point races at Kimble, Bucks

T. H. Hudson, on the left, breasting the tape in front of E. D. E. Reed, to win the quarter-mile (Class II.) race in 57⅕ secs., at the Harrow School sports which were held recently



Miss Ulrica Thynne Races

Left : Miss Joan Ridley, on the far side of the net, being congratulated by Mrs. M. R. King (whom she beat 6—3, 6—2) in the Ladies' Singles Final of the Paddington L.T.C. Tournament. Miss Ridley, though unranked herself, beat several who appear in the list, during her way to the final of this tournament

Hors d'Œuvres : *By "Caviare"*

THE right adjectives are not really hard to find. "Fascinating" obviously describes Mrs. Lezard, whom we all adore. "Charming" is correct for Lady Charnwood's eldest daughter, Mrs. John Tennant. "Jolly" for Elizabeth Brand, and "Courageous" for Molly Gretton.

BLACK Bentleys for Blondes. Oh, yeah!

SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD always seems serious and busy (but not too busy to be charming to his many friends). His brother, Rudolph, has a cheery smile and an enthusiastic way of dancing. We have not seen Sir Humphrey's younger brother, Raymond, for some time. He is fascinating and interesting. His wife is lovely!

MR. BRINSLEY PLUNKET has a most determined chin, so has Mr. Robin Wilson, who is a very clever young man and should go far. Lord Ashley has a good profile, and Lord Stavordale is handsome and charming.

MRS. DEREK MURPHY is a beautiful blonde Canadian who has made herself very popular in London. She is very sweet and unspoilt. Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox, also Canadian-born, is having a tremendous success; she is witty and amusing, and everybody likes her charming and clever husband.

HAVE you seen—
Mrs. Cecil Brownhill's tartan frill?
Mrs. Winston Churchill's "tremendous" checks?
Mrs. de Valera's gloves?
The Duchess of Leeds on her "points"?

IS "important business in the City, dear," transacted in the best manner tête-à-tête with two little shell-like ears listening?

I DON'T like scolloped furs—with due apologies to the Duchess of Westminster's summer ermine coat, which is scolloped at the sleeves. Mrs. Eddie Baron has a "mouth-watering" taste in furs, and Lady McAlpine has lovely high fox collars which frame her face. Question: Is the life of a pelt a sad or glad one?

IS the purchase of a new car causing a domestic rift? I should toss for it.

IT is a long, dark street which hasn't a quick turning.

NOTES on my cuff—
John de Forest with ruffled hair and an anxious expression.
Hilary Charles, head held high (so lovely!).
George Monkland enjoying himself.
"Babe" Barnato happy with his attractive wife.

BAA-BAA, dark sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, dear, yes, dear, three bags full.
One for my master (spelt "Income Tax"!)
One for my dame (pronounced "wife"),
One for the little girl
Who lives down the lane!

GOOD luck and good wishes to Lady Diana Wellesley, one of our most charming Mayfair-ites, on her engagement to Mr. Daniel Dixon, to whom, of course, we offer sincere congrats. He's a lucky man, because she's a dear.

HAS there been a rift in the lute between a well-known-about-town-teetotaller-in-the-peerage and a lovely lady?

Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Mr. Rycroft meet and discuss some of the subjects of the hour

Mr. Jack Dunfee, the well-known racing motorist, and Mrs. Vivian Drury also converse over potato chips and mild potations

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, and Mr. Levita are seen above evidently enjoying a good joke

THINGS we say—
"Dorothé (of course, Plunket) is like a feather" (when she dances).
"Signor Beniamino Gigli is a second Caruso."
"What a nerve of a young man we all know!"

LADY BETTY BUTLER looks a little wistful these days—I wonder why? She is so sweet and has one of the most charming characters in the world. She is a good fisherwoman and adores music and water-colours. Her sister is the brilliant and beautiful Duchess of Sutherland.

I AM always amazed at the beauty of Lady Howe; astonished at Lady Lavery; dazzled by Mrs. James Beck; startled at Lady Buchanan-Jardine; and struck all of a heap at the radiant freshness of Lady Pamela Smith.

SEEN with her husband—
Lady Stewart-Clarke at Monte Carlo.
Lady Northesk at a point-to-point.
Mrs. Michael Farmer (yes, our Gloria) at sea.
Mrs. Claude Leigh at Ciro's.

NEW song snippets—
"I'm young and healthy . . . she may be too old . . ."

WHY did a certain blessed-with-these-world's-goods return the tickets?

COULDN'T a young good-looking M.P. get his hair cut? He can certainly afford it, and it is not a thing he should passover.

"MALE dress-designers!" snorted the Colonel. "What do they look like?" Norman Hartnell looks like the very charming "undergrad" he was. Captain Peter Russell looks the complete Army officer. Dennis Glenny like the clever doctor he might have been. And "our one and only Edward Molyneux" looks like—"our one and only Edward Molyneux," bless him!

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

Mr. H. W. Colliver
One of the Hon. Secretaries

THE yearly en masse Stock Exchange outing happens this Saturday, when the Point-to-Point takes place. A very good day's outing it is; to the usual open-air, back-to-the-land atmosphere that any point-to-point produces, is added the attraction, or, at any rate, the interest of seeing members of the House, as it were, en nature. This, of course, is rather a local interest; to the man in the street, brokers and jobbers look much the same as anyone else, either in the street, or on the point-to-point course, but when a body of men are rubbing shoulders together every week-day, and then see each other let loose under the wide, open sky, it 's amazing what transformations may be observed.

A VERY junior member, who, in the House, is meek and mild and full of respect for his seniors, suddenly blossoms forth as the expert on equine matters who gives a damn for no one. And the pompous senior partner who throws his weight about in the House, goes out to "see what these lads do at the Point-to-Point," and finds himself an insignificant nobody amongst the big noises. For the observer of human nature, this sort of thing provides unlimited material for humorous reflection on how a man may change his characteristics with his clothes.

THE 1933 Point-to-Point is being held at Kimble, near Princes Risborough, over an all-grass course which is pretty dry, even in the wettest years, and this year may be a little on the hard side. The exclusively City events on the programme are Lloyds' Race, an innovation this year, and the two races open only to members of the House. The Oakley Hunt seem to specialise in these—Teddy Bleackley won the light-weight event last year; Dick Norbury is never out of the first three; and Royle Bristowe has won both events, and has never been worse placed than second. Alec Pilkington has now joined the ranks of the regular runners, but there will be two missing this year who generally ride: neither D'Oyly Sheppard nor Tim Smallwood has entered a horse.

MR. GILBERT ("GIBBY") JOHNSTONE is the President of the Stock Exchange Point-to-Point Club; he used to own racehorses, and is a member of the National Hunt Committee. He flew up to Aintree to see the National this year, He and Mr. Harry Coventry both look as if they belonged to the country so much that they might never have seen the inside of an office; they are of the old school type, and one would always associate them with a horse and a gun, rather than with bulls and bears. They are both Stewards, and so is Mr. "Eddie" Gosling. Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, the Master of the Old Berkeley, in whose country the point-to-point course lies, and the Earl of Rosebery, who is the Master of the Whaddon Chase, are also on the list of stewards for the meeting.

THE Judge is Mr. J. L. Nickisson, who has just taken over the Mastership of the Old Berkshire. He is a member of the M.P.C., so he is one of the recognised experts on point-to-points. He has just been given a dinner by the partners of his firm to celebrate his fiftieth year of membership of the Stock Exchange. The starter is Colonel Charles Kerr, D.S.O., who was elected the National Liberal M.P. for Montrose Burghs last year.

THE other two most important people on the 22nd are the Hon. Secretaries, and very important they are, as well as hard-working. Mr. E. C. Paget is one, and the other is Mr. H. W. Colliver. Everyone was very disappointed that Mr. Paget and Egremont didn't keep one of those outsiders out of the first three places in the National, but he won a race soon after, when he rode Mr. Holloway's Clear Note to victory at the R.A. Steeplechase at Sandown.

THIS week's story concerns a Jewish broker with a sense of humour and quick repartee. He was asked, "Are you a Nazi?"

"No, only a Nosey," was his reply.

The Hon. Gilbert Johnstone
President of the Stock Exchange Point-to-Point Club

AND this week's General Knowledge paper contains the following questions. (Who knew the answers to last week's batch?)

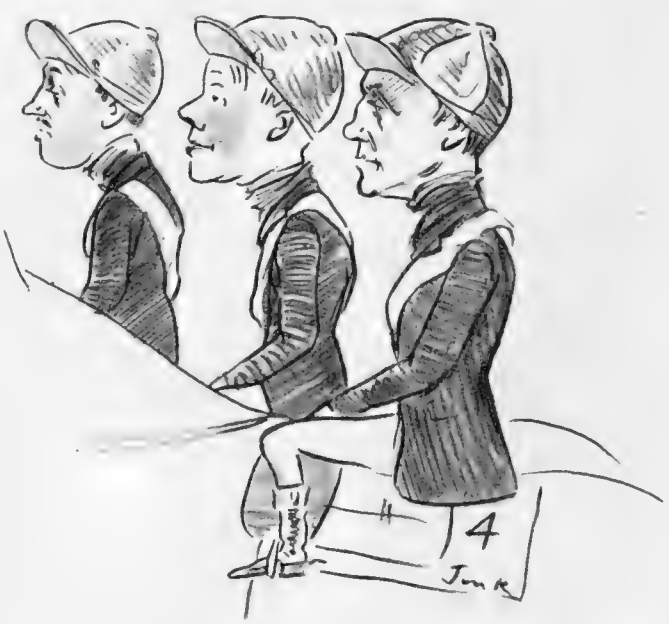
Who is known as the Imperial Pint?

Who (complete list wanted) were the brokers who have been suffering from a certain brand of chocolate? Or were they pleased? Or weren't they?

Who is known as Jock's King Ugly? Why does he wear his Enclosure Badge before lunch?

Who is the rich man whose donation to the Benevolent Fund took the form of old clothes?

Who said "Apologise!"?



Alec Pilkington, Dick Norbury, and Royle Bristowe
Ready to do or die

"Malmsey and Madeira"

Mr. "Eddie" Tatham's Party at the Monseigneur

Drinking malmsey wine and talking of the Duke of Clarence's sad fate in a butt of it, no doubt; Miss Jane Carr, Mr. Dolman, and Lady Margaret Stewart

Above: Lord Poulett and Lady Bridget Poulett came to the party all dressed up for an evening out

Right: the Hon. Joan Marjoribanks and Count Torkel Bonde watching the party from a comparatively secluded corner

Lady Warrender and Mr. Nigel Seely, Sir Hugh Seely's brother, were there too. It was an "all-in" party, all in good form and all in a crowd

A Temporarily Teetotal Talk

At the end of the party: Mr. Cardiff and Miss Baba Beaton on their way out of the Monseigneur

Four more who drank malmsey or madeira (or both) were Mrs. Bobby Howes, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, Mr. Bobby Howes, and Captain Frank Covell

If Gossip We Must . . .

That Boat-Race Night Beano—A Mother's Influence — Cabaret at the Troc.

APART from the lunacy of those who have argued, quite seriously, that one can hardly expect Oxford, considering their attitude towards fighting for King and Country, to tackle successfully the far more serious problem of how to win the Boat Race, how much longer is the race itself to continue?

As one who believes that England was in a happier condition a century ago than she is to-day, I hope it will last for many years, though I do not care a hoot which boat wins. It is good to know that an important part of an important river becomes unnavigable for a few hours each spring just because, for more than a hundred years, this has happened.

BUT the common-sense attitude is bound to creep in before long, and then the race will be rowed in The Wash or in Southampton Water. Or it may not be rowed at all, which would enable the "Boat-Race-Night" rioters to receive undiluted attention, and not to have the wind taken out of their sails earlier in the day by two silly and most uncomfortable-looking boats.

THIS rioting seems, from all accounts, to have been more violent and more extensive than usual. Possibly the connection between warm days and wet nights. But it was a pity, since, as a result, ancient and hoary comments were trotted out by Those who have the Proletariat at heart.

Of all the things that may happen to the heart, this is the most serious. It drives most people to stupidity of a peculiarly crass sort, but rarely to that displayed by the gossip-writer of our old and never-failing source of amusement, the *Daily Herald*.

His opinion is that the University authorities should stop the hullabaloo that goes on each Boat-Race night. How they can do it he does not say.

ALTHOUGH the University authorities may be able to deal with an undergraduate who has been convicted by what is most inaccurately called "the civil power," in London they can do nothing. Their sphere of jurisdiction does not extend farther than a few miles beyond Oxford or Cambridge.

Proctors, with "bull-dogs," would be pathetically ineffectual in Leicester Square, and if they started operations there at all they would be acting ultra vires. So much for that.

As for the familiar argument that had the rioters been the sons of the Peepul, instead of members of a University, they would have been arrested and jugged, there is never any evidence that those who take part in the jamborees on Boat-Race or "Rugger" nights are connected with either Oxford or Cambridge in even the vaguest way. A nucleus of undergraduates, lewd fellows of the baser sort, may set the ball a-rolling. But 95 per cent. of those who kick up a row have never worn a cap and gown, and are none the worse for that. And none the better.

Even more exasperating than the real snob is that form of inverted snobbery which is expressed by an aggressive inferiority complex whenever what it supposes to be the privileges of "the idle rich" come into prominence.

HOWEVER, matriculation was always the thief of time.

"Has George matriculated yet?" was the question put to Mrs. Newly-Rich, with a son at Cambridge.

"Oh, no," came the hushed reply. "He 's not at all that sort of boy!"

WHILE we are dealing with the maternal touch, let us turn to the rich, ripe and fruity pieces of fatuity ejaculated in the House of Commons by a Mr. Lunn, who is Labour M.P. for Rothwell.

If You Think That,

No, this is not our George Bernard Shaw sunning himself on the sands, but someone very like him. He is Captain Russell, on the beach of the Bahamas Country Club, and with him are Miss Elizabeth Collins, of Nassau, and Miss Helen Howard, of Georgia, U.S.A.

We need not press the emphasis on the first syllable.

THE age of enlistment in the Army being under discussion, Mr. Lunn promptly qualified himself for the biscuit—or, if you prefer it, the Sally Lunn—by declaring that "seventeen is too young an age to take boys from the influence of their mothers." Golly!

I HAVE yet to meet the youth of seventeen, other than a cretin, who is still at his mother's apron strings, even in the widest and most figurative sense. This does not alter the fact that he may love and respect his mother,

Swaebe

Lord Melchett, Lady Melchett, and Miss Vivien John, daughter of Augustus John, the famous painter, in the foyer of the Strand Theatre on the first night of the revival of "On Approval," the witty comedy for four characters by Frederick Lonsdale

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 9.—Mr. A. P. Herbert

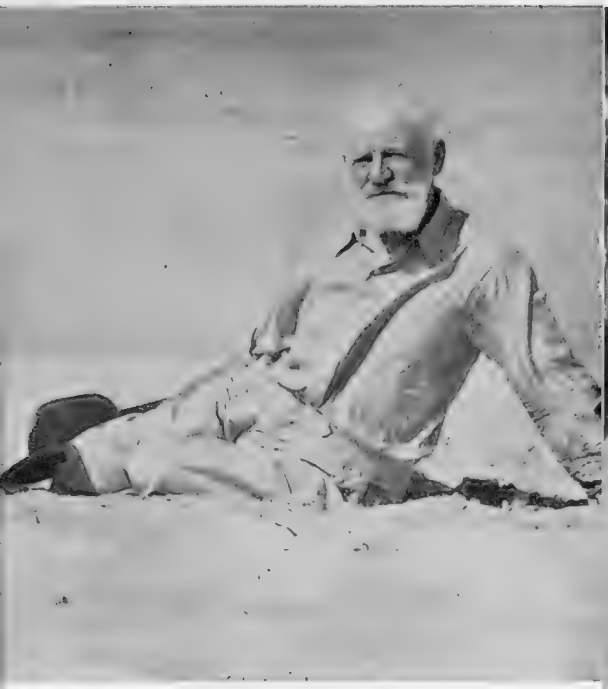
(With apologies to that gentleman's poem "Orange-Juice")

HERBERT ain't the same since we took
up with Closing-time,
He's dead against such foolishness, my
dear.
They 'd open all the day
If Alan had his way
And DORA wouldn't find a foothold
here.
Them Licensing authorities, they fairly
boils his blood,
He writes articles and poems just to
prove that they are dud—
Teetotallers? I tell you, dear, with him
their name is mud,
When we cannot buy an honest glass of
beer!

His plays are most successful, dear, and
always score a goal,
But still he 's got a sort of mild-and-
bitterness of soul;
I 'm not surprised he just can't stick that
Nosey-Parker crew
What dares to call a pot of "half-and-
half" the Devil's Brew!

Herbert ain't the same since we took up
with Closing-time,
He longs to end the silly system, dear.
He strafes Old England's curse
In red-hot prose and verse,
But the Government don't somehow seem
to hear.
He proves this messing us about makes
honest folk feel sore,
And asks what Pussyfoots and such keep
interfering for.
Teetotallers? Lor' lumme! You 'd think
they had won the War!
But Herbert 's for the Freedom of the
Beer!

B. W.



You're Wrong!

use her as a mediator when awkward paternal clashes are imminent, give her a present on her birthday, and occasionally touch her for a bit of the ready.

But whether a son, beloved or not, as the case may be, goes to a boarding-school or a Board school, maternal influence, in the sense Mr. Lunn would have us believe, ceases at fourteen, if not sooner.

And I imagine the average working-class mother, with, probably, younger children to look after and a home to run on not too much money, would sooner see her son of seventeen in the Army, where he gets good food, warm clothes, free games and a man's life, than loafing about under her nose, hankering after "influence."

THE Rev. H. B. Chapman, of the Savoy Chapel, who has died at an advanced age, will be mourned by thousands of Londoners. Not only by those who, having been through the Divorce Court, wished to get married again at an altar, and not at a Registry Office. Mr. Chapman did this service for many couples, not solely out of the kindness of his heart and because, in his peculiar position, he could not be shot at by a Bishop, but because it was his conviction that such facilities should be granted.

CABARET entertainments in restaurants have too long been associated, in my mind, with exhibition dancers who swish past one's table, but there are exceptions. Douglas Byng is one. The supper-shows C. B. Cochran puts up in the Trocadero grill-room are others.

The latter get better and better, and "Revels in Rhythm," his latest effort, is by far his best. A little too "Harlemised," perhaps—mais c'est la vogue.

I HAVE never known a more lively or a more beauteous dancing chorus. So beauteous, indeed, are they, that I thought it a vast pity that our last vision of them should have been, not of pretty English faces, but of negro masks, worn, alas! by every one of the girls, and not only by the one or two whom the addition improved.

MISS NINA MAE MCKINNEY is a dusky lady with well-chiselled limbs who can waggle her tum-tum with great effect, but is no great shakes at putting over a song. She was quite eclipsed by Wilson, Keppel, and Betty — one of the funniest turns I have ever seen.

The two former are, apparently, dragomen (of the dancing and not the literary type), while Betty is also pretty spry on her feet. I congratulate C. B. C. on engaging this most diverting trio.

Another Double!

Mr. W. Graham Leckie, sometimes mistaken for Mr. Lloyd George, at Algeciras, the resort near Gibraltar

Right: Santa Cruz, one of the lovely spots to be visited by the s.s. Lapland, which leaves London on June 17th on a "Bystander" cruise, when Madeira and Las Palmas will also be seen. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, or the usual agencies

Wilhelm Backhaus, the German pianist, a pupil of Eugen D'Albert, who at one time was Professor of the Piano at the R.C.M., Manchester, photographed at the Grotrian Hall, where he gave a recital

Sasha

Dr. Hugo Alfven, the Swedish composer, conducting the New Symphony Orchestra in a programme consisting almost entirely of his own works. This is his first visit to England

Delirious Dialogues : No. 11. Sir Harry Lauder and John D. Rockefeller

(Written and depicted by Bovey)

Rockefeller : *My poor fellow! So you have to sing for your living? How sad, how very sad! Please accept this coin.*

Lauder : *But, Mr. Rockefeller——*

Rockefeller : *No, don't refuse. God has given me so much money that I can afford to help you. A Scotsman, too. Dear, dear! I have Scotch blood in my veins.*

Lauder : *Ye dinna have tae tell me that, mon. But ye're making a muckle big mistake. I'm Sir Harry Lauder.*

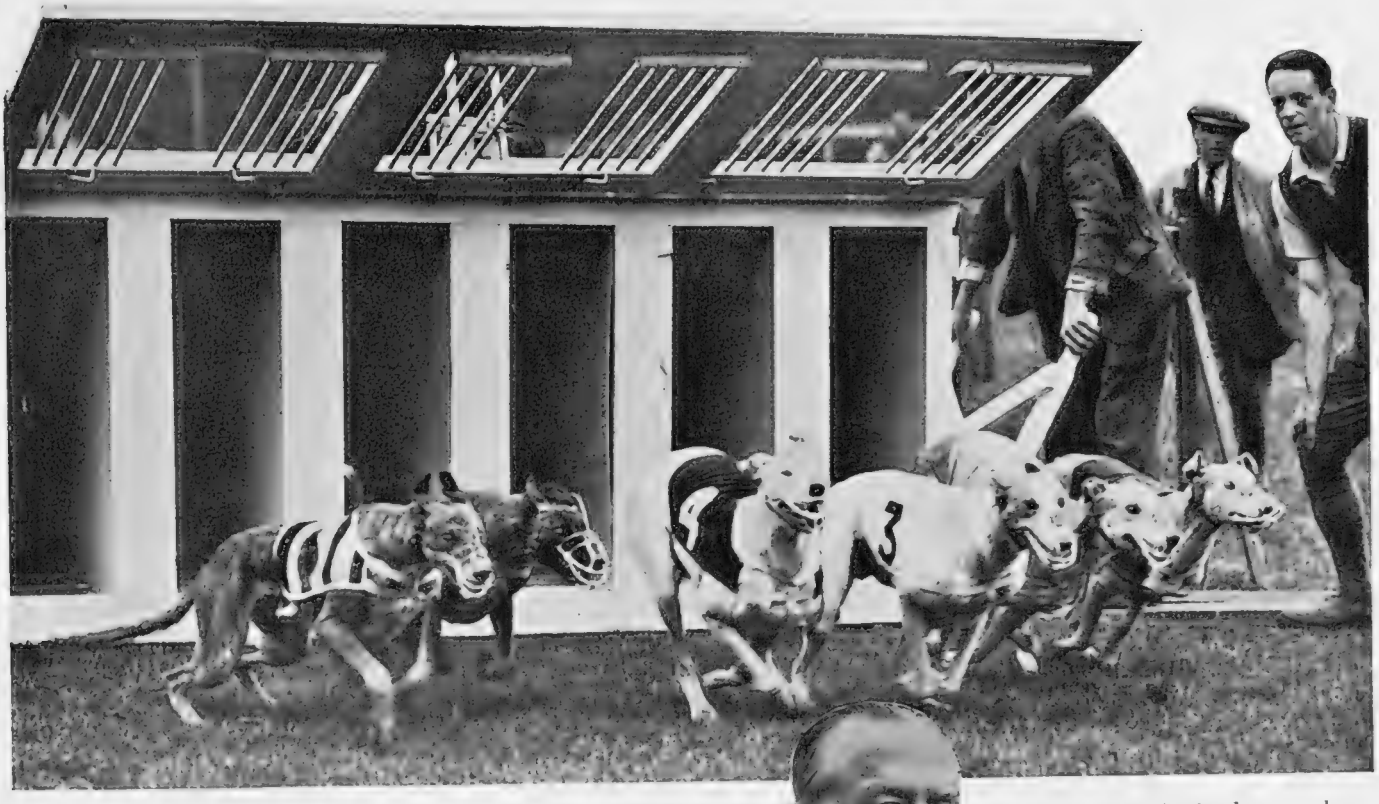
Rockefeller : *Not the Sir Harry Lauder? Well, well! My sight isn't what it was sixty years ago. So you have the one thing my money cannot buy—a title. I am so honoured to speak to a real knight. May I touch your hand?*

Lauder : *Mon, it's the only way ye can touch me. Weel, I'm honoured too. It's a gran' feeling tae be standing near so much money. I ken ye're the richest mon in the wurrld, Mr. Rockefeller.*

Rockefeller : *I have never wanted money, but God has given me of His bounty. He struck the rock and the oil gushed forth (and I happened to be on the spot at the time). And now I hope you will forgive my foolish error. Allow me to take back my little gift.*

Lauder : *Weel, I'll accept your apology, but I'll keep the dime!*

SPECIAL "BYSTANDER" GREYHOUND RACING SECTION



Greyhounds leaving the trap at the Catford Stadium, which is situated in very rural surroundings

The History of Greyhound Racing

The Amazing Growth of a National Sport

GREYHOUND racing, as conducted under the control of the National Greyhound Racing Club, is one of the phenomena of the sporting life in this country.

It came, it was seen, and it conquered.

Like all successes, it has had its detractors and its imitators, but, fortunately, the utmost efforts of these have been unable to stop the development of the sport upon sound racing and business lines. The confidence of all has been secured in this development along constructive lines.

The National Greyhound Racing Club controls the racing side of the sport, and the National Greyhound Racing Society, an affiliation of all tracks licensed by the Club, watches the business aspects of the sport and protects the interests of the investing public.

The rise to fame of licensed greyhound racing, as a national sport, is a romance which had its beginning in this country more than fifty years ago. In the year 1876, one of those remarkable people who pop up, periodically, with great ideas years before the world is ready for them, conceived the startling notion of coursing greyhounds after an artificial hare. He turned the matter over in his mind, and finally persuaded some of his friends to help him "put-over" the new entertainment.

These enthusiasts secured a field near the Welsh Harp, Hendon—then quite a trek from London—and a straight track, 400 yards long, was marked out. Along this a dummy hare was drawn backwards and forwards by means of a rope round a wheel. A fair number of people gathered for the first meeting, and several races were run, but the new sport failed to hold its public.

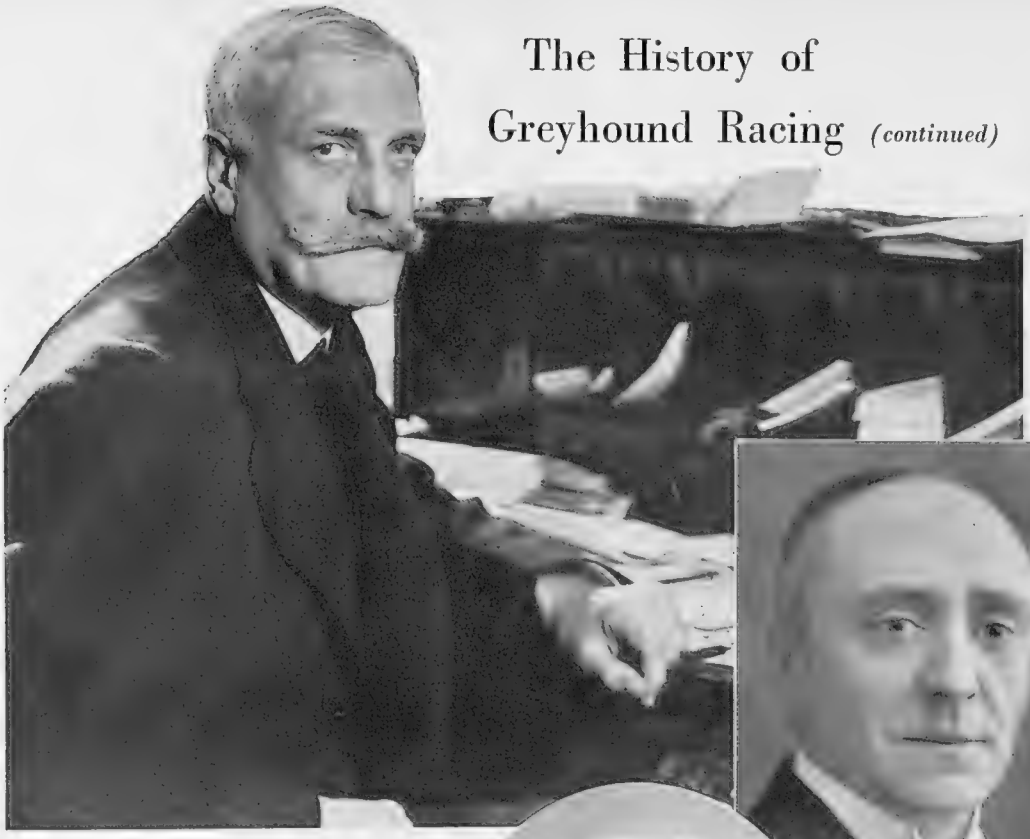
Brig.-Gen. the Hon. A. V. F. V. Russell, C.M.G., M.V.O.

Brig.-General the Hon. A. V. F. V. Russell is Senior Steward of the National Greyhound Racing Club, and Captain C. R. Jorgensen and Lord Lawrence are two of the Stewards of the National Greyhound Racing Club

Captain C. R. Jorgensen

The Lord Lawrence, D.L., J.P.

The History of Greyhound Racing *(continued)*

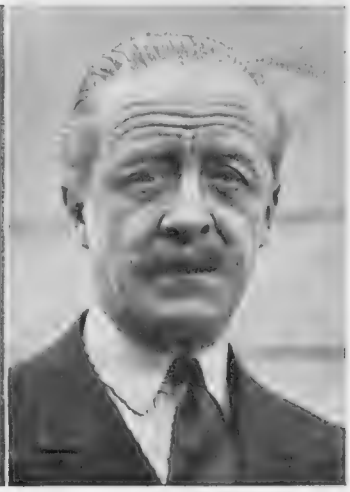


Maj.-Gen. Lord Loch, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O.

Vice-President, National Greyhound Racing Society

Mr. H. Garland Wells

Chairman of the Committee of London Greyhound Tracks and of Clapton Stadium, of which he is also the Managing Director



Col. Romer Baggallay

Above, right: Colonel Romer Baggallay, is the Secretary of the National Greyhound Racing Club

W. O. Newman

Mr. F. J. Power

Chief Administrator, Catford Stadium, London's latest track

Mr. Francis S. Gentle

Assistant Managing Director of the Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd., pioneers of the sport

Mr. A. J. Elvin

Managing Director of the Empire Stadium, Wembley, the home of the F.A. Cup Final

There were several things about it which did not appeal to the sportsman, the main one being the absence of that little doubt as to who might be the winner—the doubt which adds such an interest for the British sportsman.

The promoters had overlooked the great fact that the greyhound races so true to form that, in a straight run, the fastest will always win. At the Welsh Harp, the betting interest disappeared because there was no possibility or likelihood of the favourite losing. The whole affair was so one-sided, and there was so little actual sport about it that it died a natural death after a very few meetings.

GREYHOUND racing is next heard of in official files in the year 1890, when a patent was taken out for a circular greyhound-racing track, but the idea was never put into effect, as the inventor was unable to induce anyone to finance the idea.

Then entered O. P. Smith, sportsman of Oklahoma, U.S.A. Mr. Smith was in the habit of entertaining his friends and week-end guests to coursing meetings on Sunday afternoons. These he held in an enclosed paddock at the back of his house. They were a great success, and became so well known that "gate-crashing" developed and people came from miles around to have a little flutter at these meetings.

The attendances increased to such an extent, and the peace of Sunday was so much disturbed, that neighbours complained to the State authorities, who instituted a raid at one of the meetings, and Mr. Smith was charged with the offence, similar to one we have in England, of coursing live rabbits within an enclosed space.

Although this was a set-back to Mr. Smith's provision of entertainment for his friends, its success indicated to him the undoubted commercial possibilities of some form of coursing which would not involve the use of a live hare or rabbit. He made a search of existing patents connected with greyhound racing. He came across the circular track idea with the dummy hare. He obtained that patent, and established a series of circular tracks in various American States.

It is in the circular track that the whole sport of greyhound racing has its being, for, although one greyhound may be swifter

A School for Greyhounds *W. O. Newman.*

Above: training kennels at Keston, showing one of the blocks of buildings which can house forty greyhounds. There is a total kennel accommodation for 300. The Racing Manager and trainers also live on the premises. The central figure is Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Vernon, D.S.O., M.C.

than another in an ordinary straight run, the task of rounding the bends may throw him out, and allow a slower opponent to secure the inside berth and gain ground which will make up for lack of speed.

Large crowds attended these meetings in America, and photographs showing the new sport were sent over to this country.

Brigadier-General Critchley examined them and came to the conclusion that the sport might well prove popular in this country. He decided to organise an experimental track. The problem of where to set it up arose, and it was decided to select Manchester, in the belief that if Manchester accepted greyhound racing in its new form, the rest of the country would do likewise. What Manchester thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow!

The track at Bellevue, Manchester, was opened in 1926. People came out of curiosity to the first meeting, but there was not that wild rush of enthusiasm which General Critchley and his colleagues had looked for, and it appeared as if the new venture was doomed to failure. General Critchley persevered, however, and, before long, attendances began to increase, and greyhound racing became one of the most popular events in the sporting life of Manchester.

Right: Brig. Gen. A. C. Critchley, Vice-Chairman and Managing Director of the Greyhound Racing Association and a big figure in the sport

Dorothy Wilding

IN 1927 London was stormed and the new sport not only caught on in the metropolis, but spread to provincial centres. By the end of 1927, when there were more than thirty greyhound courses either established or in course of promotion, it became obvious that greyhound racing had caught the public's fancy and was rapidly becoming a national sport. In that year more than 5½ million people paid to attend greyhound racing in this country.

Those who established the first tracks realised that, as a national sport, it must have national control. Accordingly, on December 10th, 1927, a meeting was called, at Wembley Stadium, of the directors of greyhound-racing enterprises all over the country. The meeting, presided over by Major-General the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seeley, appointed a committee, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Kilmorey, whose purpose was to form a National Greyhound Racing Club, composed of sportsmen of good position, who had no financial interest in any greyhound racing promotion, and this club has done much to popularise a sport which, in seven years only, has become part and parcel of the nation's leisure hours.

Lady Weymouth

seen above, is a keen follower of greyhound racing. She is an owner herself, and some of her dogs are photographed with her

Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., D.S.O

Right: Lady Chesham presenting the Derby Trophy to Mr. Sam Johnson, of Manchester, at the White City Stadium

Walter Guiver, Ltd.

Lady Chesham

No, gentle reader, this is not a dog fight! Just grooming-time, with special gloves

A Dog's Life . . .

MOST people for whom things are just too bad are described as leading "a dog's life": but this expression, anyway, in the vicinity of the Hook Kennels at Northaw, has lately taken on a new and directly opposite significance. Instead of meaning all that can be unpleasing, it now means all that is pleasant, with just one or two disciplinary restrictions to remind the dogs that they are living serious business lives and that large and small sums of money are won and lost by the greyhound racing public, the change-over sometimes depending on so little as the actual state of mind of the dog at the moment. But that is just one of those things which make greyhound racing so fascinating, for the greyhounds have much more definitely defined personalities than most of the pampered pets which may be seen on the laps of ladies riding in the modern substitutes for broughams.

A trainer of greyhounds is a most interesting man to talk to, for he can tell you stories of the likes and dislikes of individual dogs which are practically human. He can tell you how one famous

Nail-clipping. A study in expressions of both dog and pedicurist

Lights out! The End of a Perfect Day!

Derby winner is never so happy as when receiving the adulation of the crowds; he can tell you of another to whom all things come alike, and who cares not in the least whether he is racing before a hundred thousand frantically excited people or one disinterested boy. But it is not merely the famous dogs which have personality. Others, which will never compete in a greater event than a graded race throughout their racing careers, are just as distinctive in their tastes as their more famous brethren, and these tastes, up to a point, must be humoured, for the dog, unless he is perfectly well and happy, is, not unnaturally, unlikely to give of his best.

A GLIMPSE at the daily life of dogs training at Northaw is of interest to all those who see them later on, for the fleeting moments which it takes them to cover the five hundred or so yards over which they race, and the amount of preparation and organisation necessary in order to tune these dogs to the right pitch for just those few minutes in the year is so considerable that it will probably surprise the uninitiated.

In the first place, a dog's life at Northaw is rather like that of an athletic soldier. He is called at the same time every day, somewhere not very far from dawn; he is allowed a scamper in his trainer's paddock while his kennel, which he probably shares with a colleague, is cleaned out and freshened with new straw. He is then given his light breakfast, and on all days which are not actually racing days he is taken out by a kennel boy for a walk of about four miles. On his return he is skilfully massaged, and he then may rest until dinner-time, which is late. He is allowed another scamper in the paddock in the evening before going to bed, and "Lights out" is signalled early. Early to bed and early to rise makes wealthy owners and the dog healthy and wise. On the days when he is going to race, however, his exercising is greatly curtailed, and he is only given a very light meal instead of the large dinner usually provided for

The greyhound is so carefully fed that he looks upon the cat's-meat man as so much dirt

Kennelmen drawing rations for their charges—a wonderful sight

By Gerard Fairlie *Sketches by H. H. Harris*

him. This full meal he has to wait for until his return from the race-track.

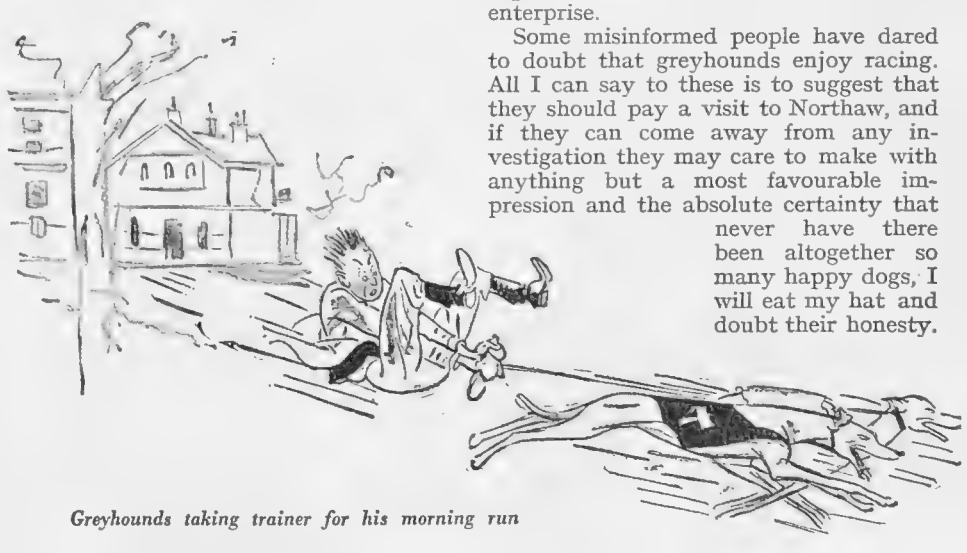
THE subject of the dogs' food is interesting. A visit to the cook-houses at Northaw is very surprising to a person unacquainted with the care which is taken of racing greyhounds. A certain amount of bread, a certain amount of toasted bread, fresh vegetables in large quantities, meat and gravy—all these form the meal. The quality of the food is such that even the visiting housekeeper, accustomed to stocking from the best and most expensive suppliers of London, feels a distinct desire to filch some of the rations. This may sound quite ridiculous, but, in point of fact, it is perfectly true, and is only one of the many and noticeable signs of that care which is taken of the dogs, that care which is made possible by the prosperity and popularity of the sport.

If a dog gets ill, he is taken immediately to the infirmary, where he is kept under observation by the veterinary surgeon, who may diagnose a serious illness at once, in which case the dog is removed to the isolation hospital, where every care known to veterinary surgeons is taken of him. The arrangements for this—the medical side—of the dog's life, are most impressive. There is an operating theatre and a surgery, as well as the two hospitals, and there are also isolation kennels, where new dogs, coming to race from other tracks to either the White City or Harringay, are kept for at least a fortnight before being allowed to mix with the other dogs. This is only one manifestation of the great care which is taken that no outside infection may be brought to the regular occupants of the kennels.

PRECAUTIONS against possible tampering with the dogs before they race are so extensive that it is literally true to say that a dog cannot be got at. They are brought to the tracks, examined by the "vet." there, and locked up in the kennels for two hours before they are due to race. They are then examined again by a "vet." before they are allowed to parade. Since they arrived at the kennels in the charge of the trainers and kennel boys it is only possible for them to be got at by these officials themselves, and if you knew them as I do you would realise that such an occurrence is not even a remote possibility. However, even in the best flock, there may be one black sheep, and that two hours of isolation in the kennels on the tracks before the dogs race is the proof against possible temptation. For if you can tell me of a drug which will act, to within two or three minutes, two hours after administration, I will then admit that greyhound racing as run —at any rate, by the licensed tracks—could be crooked. But the kennel boys, the trainers, all, in fact, who are connected with greyhound racing, are very proud of the fact that their sport is the cleanest in the world, and they intend to keep it so at all costs, although the cost is none at all because of the type of man who is employed, and because of the tremendous organisation which is behind the whole enterprise.

Greyhounds have definitely defined personalities

Some misinformed people have dared to doubt that greyhounds enjoy racing. All I can say to these is to suggest that they should pay a visit to Northaw, and if they can come away from any investigation they may care to make with anything but a most favourable impression and the absolute certainty that never have there been altogether so many happy dogs, I will eat my hat and doubt their honesty.



Greyhounds taking trainer for his morning run

The CLASSICS of Greyhound Racing

Track Thrills for Thousands

By "White Citizen"

Avonvale, who is owned by Mr. A. Hallan, the winner of Clapton's National Open Hurdles, 1932. Avonvale is Champion prize-winner of Clapton for the last two years, and one of this Stadium's most popular favourites

Below: Brave Enough, who once defeated Wild Woolley and Beef Cutlet, and holds the Harringay Track record

A general view of the paddock at Wimbledon Stadium, viewed from the club terrace, which is seen on the right

NOTHING demonstrates the permanent popularity of greyhound racing more than the extraordinary success of the great "classics" held annually in London. The Greyhound Derby, at the White City is, naturally, the tit-bit of the year's racing over the flat, while the hurdler's "Blue Riband" is the Grand National, run at the same track.

Each London track, however, has its big race. The Gold Collar at Catford Stadium and the Scurry Gold Cup at Clapton Stadium are the "plums" the sprinters go for; the Laurels at Wimbledon Stadium draws the top-notchers with its rich prize; whilst the St. Leger at Wembley Stadium brings together annually the cream of the stayers in the greyhound-racing world.

Public interest in the classics commences long before the entries are known. Conjectures as to runners and the champions' chances form the main topic of conversation wherever greyhound racegoers congregate, and interest is heightened when the ante-post betting-lists are published.

The entries, when they become known, are scanned eagerly, for these classics bring together the finest racing greyhounds in the world to match their skill and speed against one another. They are the outstanding personalities of the sport, and the greyhound racing public discuss them just as the patrons of the Turf discuss their favourites.

THE Greyhound Derby was first held in 1927, and is run over a distance of 525 yards. Mick the Miller—now known to everyone in the country, whether greyhound enthusiast or not—won the race twice, and only a bit of bad luck prevented him winning three times. Even to show him on a track to-day leads to scenes of nearly hysterical joy.

And now Wild Woolley—the tawny, unfriendly animal of incredible speed—is the hero of the crowd. He is the winner of last year's Derby and the favourite for this. There are other stars, too—such names as Goopy Gear, Future Cutlet, Beef Cutlet, Micky the Mouler, Lutwyche, all of these are dogs known throughout the greyhound tracks of the land because they may race in the Derby.

The Grand National, the distance being 525 yards, has its own individualities as well. Probably thirty runners will start over the hurdles in the various heats, and again these strange names are growing into well-known individuals of the dog world, with Long Hop, the winner in 1932, topping the list as the favourite.

The Gold Collar, the final of which will be run at Catford Stadium late in May, is the first classic of the season. It is a race worth £1000 cash and a gold collar to the winner, and provides a test for the sprinter over the 440-yards course. This classic will be watched closely by the pundits, for it will reveal the form of many greyhounds we are likely to hear a lot about during the rest of the year, and provide valuable hints for backers. Several of the contestants are likely to have a "try out" over the course in minor open events, and the manner in which they perform in these "muscle looseners" will have a direct effect upon the ante-post betting.

This race will also be a direct guide to form for the older sprint classic, the Scurry Gold Cup at Clapton Stadium, which has been the most important short-distance race in the greyhound-racing calendar since 1928. The distance is 400 yards, and the lucky owner of the winner can claim to have the fastest greyhound in training. A curious feature of the Scurry, which gets its name because it *is* a real scurry from start to finish, is that the favourite has never won the race yet. The unexpected always happens in this race, and I believe the public would be disappointed if it did not, for they are kept on tenterhooks throughout the heats searching vainly for that "dead cert." one dreams about but seldom succeeds in finding.

THE richest race in greyhound racing, from the prize-money point of view, is the Laurels, which is run annually at the Wimbledon Stadium, over a 500-yards course. The cash prize is over £1000, and the Gold Laurels trophy is valued at £125. For three years now the race has brought together the best racers in the sport, and the winner has earned undying fame for himself and much kudos to his owner. In 1930, Kilbrean Boy won, receiving £1232 in cash; in 1931, the famous Future Cutlet lifted £1330; while last year the famous Welsh flyer, Beef Cutlet, appropriated £1100. Strangely enough, Mick the Miller, whose home track was Wimbledon, never won the race, to the disappointment of all. He was entered for it in 1930, but injured a shoulder in the first heat, which kept him out of greyhound racing for several months.

Mick cannot complain, however, for he won more classics than any other greyhound has done so far, and was the chief

PAINTED BY MAJOR G. PATERSON, M.C.

An artist's impression of a night scene in a stadium when greyhound racing is in progress "over the hurdles." Thanks to the modern system of lighting, the races can be seen with the greatest ease and without any strain to the eyes

actor in the most exciting St. Leger finish ever known. This is the premier long-distance race of the year, which is run annually at Wembley Stadium, and in 1931 Mick, on the verge of retirement, was entered. He had never run the 700 yards' distance before, and grave doubts were expressed about his ability to stay the course. The Stadium had an attendance for that final of 40,000. Directly the traps were released, the crowd shouted, "Come on, Mick!" Women, with tears in their eyes, "egged on." Mick, as Seldom Led was seen to squeeze himself inside near the rails and victory seemed in his grasp. The Stadium was a pandemonium as Mick, making the effort of a wonderful racing career, dropped his head just in front over the winning line to win. Barely a length separated the four dogs! Women cried, men cheered, and even bookmakers, who had lost hundreds of pounds, had to join in the acclamations of Mick's wonderful win.

LAST year's St. Leger had a piquant touch about it, which created much interest. Mr. U. R. Farrand owned Curious Mickey and Fret Not. He decided to enter Fret Not, and Curious Mickey he sold for £100 to Mrs. Hopkins, who entered it for the classic. To Mr. Farrand's amazement, his discarded greyhound became a hot favourite. Fret Not won, however, but it makes one shudder to think what Mr. Farrand might have said if he had sold the wrong greyhound!

There is always romance in these big races, which make and unmake reputations and bring the crowd to its feet, to cheer in admiration the skilful running of these jockeyless streaks of speed and grace, whether on the flat or over the hurdles. If you want to experience a thrill and understand the electrifying atmosphere of greyhound racing, you must see one of these big races run. The dates of the finals this year are:—

The Gold Collar: Catford Stadium, May 20th.
The Grand National: White City Stadium, June 10th.
The Greyhound Derby: White City Stadium, June 24th.
The Scurry Gold Cup: Clapton Stadium, August 5th.
The Laurels: Wimbledon Stadium, September 2nd.
The Greyhound, St. Leger: Wembley Stadium, September 30th.

Colonel Nawab Sir Umar Hayat Khan, K.C.I.E., C.B.E., M.V.O., an owner of greyhounds, with Mr. H. Garland-Wells, Chairman of the London Tracks Committee, at Catford Stadium

Celebrities in the Gre

Our special artist, H. H. Harris, here presents to your notice some of the notabilities in greyhound racing. Mr. F. S. Gentle (Assistant Manag... Racing Association), Mr. H. Garland-Wells, fourth from left, reading blue paper (Chairman of the Committee of London Greyhound Tracks and ... Racing Society and Chairman of the Greyhound Racing Association), Lt.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P. (Director of the Greyhound Racing Associat... America), Mr. Con. A. L. Stevens (Director and General and Racing Manager of Wimbledon Stadium), Lt.-Col. A. D. Cameron, D.S.O., M.C. (Racing ... (Racing Manager of Clapton Stadium), Mr. W. J. Cearns (Chairman of Wimbledon Stadium), Captain A. E. Brice (Racing Manager of Wembley Stadium).

ghound Racing World

Director, Greyhound Racing Association), Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Vice-Chairman and Managing Director of the Greyhound airman-Managing Director of Clapton Stadium), Maj.-Gen. Lord Loch, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O. (Vice-President of the National Greyhound), Col. Romer Baggallay (Secretary of the National Greyhound Racing Club), Mr. C. A. Munn (who brought greyhound racing in the form we know it to-day from tor of the Greyhound Racing Association), Mr. A. J. Elvin (Managing Director of the Empire Stadium, Wembley), Major C. E. R. Moss, in brown cap Mr. F. J. Power (Managing Director of Catford Stadium), and, in the foreground, Mr. Henry Sawtell (Steward of the National Greyhound Racing Club)

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It is the keen flavour of Kent hops, and the wholesome quality of British barley, brewed to perfection in Whitbread's Pale Ale, that make it so refreshing and reinvigorating after a strenuous round. It keeps its tone and brilliance in any part of the world, and is delicious when iced.

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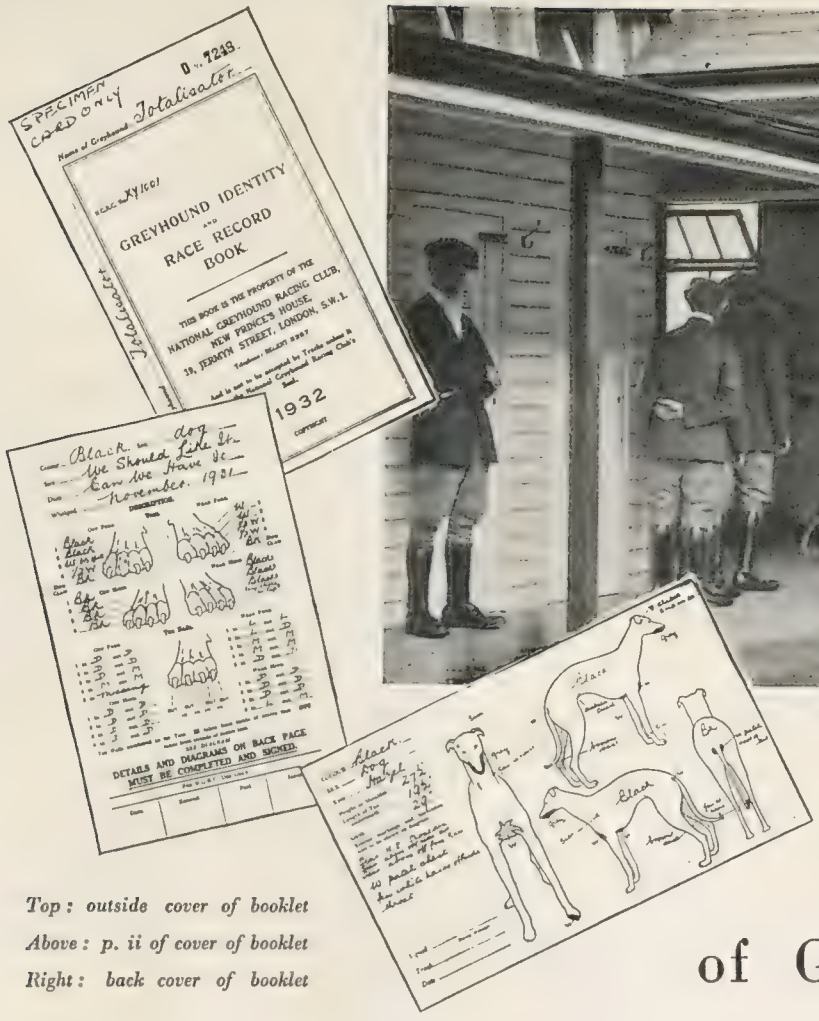


Top: outside cover of booklet

Above: p. ii of cover of booklet

Right: back cover of booklet

The Veterinary Surgeon and the Stewards of the National Greyhound Racing Club registering particulars of a dog which are afterwards entered in the Greyhound Identity and Race Record Book, specimen covers and a page from which are reproduced on the left

The Jockey Club of Greyhound Racing

THE central recording bureau of the greyhound-racing world is one of the most interesting places in London. It is to be found at the headquarters of the National Greyhound Racing Club in London, and it is staffed by men and women whose every-day task is to keep check of the markings of identity—even to the toe-nails—of greyhounds running on the tracks licensed by the Club.

There are over fifty of these licensed tracks in England, Scotland, and Wales, the London tracks at Catford, Clapton, Harringay, Wembley, White City, and Wimbledon providing the biggest attractions.

From each licensed track a race-card for each meeting is sent to the registry department of the National Greyhound Racing Club, and the particulars of the greyhounds given on the card are compared with those in the Club's possession.

Should Tom Smith, for example, appear in the Club's records as a black greyhound and be described on the race card as white, or its sire and dam be wrongly designated, the Stewards of the Club would at once call for an explanation of these discrepancies from the local track.

This checking of particulars is only one of the many methods that are used to make sure of the identity of racing greyhounds and to prevent false naming or substitution of greyhounds. The operation of this safeguard for the public is not extended to unlicensed tracks, but on every track holding a licence of the National Greyhound Racing Club the race-goer is thus protected.

BEFORE a greyhound can race under the National Greyhound Racing Club Rules, it must first be registered with the English or Irish Coursing Club. Its owner then applies for it to be registered with the Club. On the application form he states the name of the greyhound, with the names of its sire and dam, the date of its birth, its sex, the colour of its eyes, height at shoulder, length of tail, and girth. He then fills in a special diagram on the application form, the particular markings of the greyhound looking at it head-on, from each side, and from behind. The owner also marks each toe and toe-nail separately and gives details of any special marks or blemishes of the greyhound. If the Club is satisfied from its long experience in these matters that the description of the greyhound is absolutely correct, then a certificate of registration is issued to the owner, who, in due course, presents this to the track upon which he proposes to race his greyhound.

THE Racing Manager of the track notifies the Club that the greyhound has arrived, and a book containing blank diagrams for him to sketch the body of the greyhound and space for other details is sent off. The Racing Manager then fills in details in this book while the greyhound is actually before him. The book is returned to the Club, who check the diagrams, measurements, colouring, etc., with those already given by the owner. If they agree in every particular, the book is sealed with the Club's stamp and returned to the Racing Manager. The book cannot be accepted by tracks unless it bears the National Greyhound Racing Club's seal. The book is the property of the National Greyhound Racing Club. It is never in the hands of the owner. It is the greyhound's passport until he retires from racing. Should the greyhound leave any particular track and go to another, the passport is sent by the Racing Manager at track A, where the greyhound has been racing, to the Racing Manager at track B, where the greyhound will race. Details of every race run by the greyhound are entered in the passport, so that his history is available at a glance.

BEFORE each separate meeting, the greyhound is checked. The Racing Manager takes the various passports with him round the racing kennels. Having assured himself that the correct dogs have arrived, the greyhounds are locked up, and no unauthorised person is allowed to go near them until the respective dogs' races are over.

This elaborate system of checking the identity of greyhounds is considered to be just as fool-proof as the finger-print system of Scotland Yard. The race-goer does not always realise that at tracks recognised by the Club he has such protection. But it is this care by the officials that has made greyhound racing "under the rules of the National Greyhound Racing Club" the popular sport it is to-day.

Behind the Organisation

Details Concerning Greyhound Racing Not Generally Known

FEW of the millions of people who attend the licensed greyhound tracks ever think of the marvels of organisation that lie behind a perfect evening's racing.

Perhaps newcomers may watch with amazement the intricate and efficient lighting effects, and maybe hold their breath when the lights in every part of the stands are suddenly "blacked out," leaving only the powerful lamps over the track still alight.

Then the track becomes a brilliant ribbon of green, and the change from the warm lights of the stand to the inky blackness which precedes the race is so efficiently performed that one simply accepts and ceases to marvel.

Few men or women in the vast crowds stop to think of the anxious care, the constant rehearsal, and the detail which go to make greyhound racing the magnificent spectacle it is to-day. As we watch the greyhounds we have no thought for the trainer, for example, who got them racing fit. What a life a trainer leads! Fortune's favourite one day, the unluckiest man alive the next. For a time he wins races which, even in his most optimistic moments, he never expected to pull off, and the dogs he trains carry off good prizes. Then the other phase comes round, and luck goes against his kennels; dogs which, on their form, should romp home easy winners seem, most unreasonably, to "come unstuck," and they trail in too late to be of any consolation to the trainer. This is the period when he wonders why he can't do right, and whether the fault, by any chance, might be in himself. But that phase goes again, and the lucky one returns in time.

THE duties of an average trainer occupy his full time, from eight in the morning until long after racing finishes at night. Even if there is no racing, he must work late at his training duties. The hard work of the morning consists of supervising and assisting his kennel boy in the cleaning of his charges' teeth, massaging and grooming, and other duties which go to make the greyhound the perfect animal it must be for the race track. With this care, and with his clean bedding and good food, the greyhound leads a "dog's life," but in a quite different sense from the popular conception!

Each kennel has its own chef, whose duty it is to prepare the greyhounds' meal with all the meticulous care bestowed on the preparation of a Lord Mayor's banquet.

Fresh beef, two or more vegetables and brown bread go to the making of a stew fit for anyone to eat, and should this not tempt the palate of a jaded greyhound, chicken and other delicacies come into the menu.

The present housing problem does not exist in greyhound circles. Trainers may worry about finding suitable accommodation, but the aristocrats of the tracks have their sun-trap, draught-proof houses of concrete, with electric lighting and a nice green paddock attached in which to stroll round when things in the house become dull or a "spot of training" is indicated. If a greyhound feels the need of medical attention or advice, there is a veterinary surgeon in attendance at the kennels, who may order a complete rest or a change of scenery.

And the greyhounds feel quite contented themselves with their "dog's life," and think of past victories, and victories to come, as they gaze languidly upon the outside world.

The greyhound is all alert, however, when his racing night comes. He knows what it means when he enters the luxurious motor-van to be driven to the track. He is up and doing at once. He arrives at the track two hours before the first race. Why two hours? Well, if any evil-minded person had "got" at him, the effect of doping would have worn off or become apparent in that time. This is only one of the methods adopted by the tracks to prevent "nobbling."

AT the tracks, the greyhounds to race that night are placed in racing kennels, after inspection by the veterinary surgeon and the Racing Manager, who checks each greyhound to see that the right one has arrived. You can't get away with substitution on a licensed track. The system of identification by means of the book which becomes the greyhound's passport throughout its life is too fool-proof.

Before the greyhounds come on parade previous to their race, the vet.

Right: keeping cool in hot weather. The London greyhound-racing tracks employ many methods. Here is one which the greyhound appreciates

Below: the Registry Office of the National Greyhound Racing Club, where records are kept of every greyhound running upon a licensed track

Dinner for Four:

Near feeding time. Doubtless seeing the dogs an appetite when their turn

examines them once again to make sure that they are all right, and out they go for a final inspection by the public and one of the track officials.

Into the traps they go, and the judge and the stewards take up their positions. From now on, the track stewards are in supreme command. The judge's duty is to place the winners. The stewards watch the race closely for interference. At the end of the race, if nothing untoward has happened in its running, the stewards O.K. the judge's finding, and the winning numbers go up. Had the result of the race been affected by a greyhound interfering unfairly with another runner, the stewards would have declared the race void and ordered a re-run at the end of the meeting, disqualifying the offender from taking part in it.

They have wide powers, these track stewards. If they are dissatisfied with the running of a greyhound, they can call upon the trainer for an explanation. It is essential in the interests of the sport that there should be no " in and out " running by greyhounds. On the London tracks there is no actual handicapping in the ordinary racing. The six or four contestants are graded to do the distance in about the same time. On paper, they would all finish together, greyhounds run so true to form. If there is a discrepancy in time, and no satisfactory reason is forthcoming—the greyhound may have lamed itself, of course, and that would explain all—the trainer is reported to the N.G.R.C., and may be warned off.

IT is safe to say that there is no national sport in which there are so many measures taken to prevent victimisation of the public. For a greyhound to " find " a second does not seem much of an offence to the ordinary man, but the greyhound-racing public back primarily on the time test, and would soon drop greyhound racing if they could not rely upon the honest running of the animals.

It is to provide this honest running that that hard-worked official, the Racing Manager, spends his time. He and his staff know to the hundredth part of a second what the greyhounds in the kennels can do the race distances in—the introduction of electric-ray timing gives him this information. He grades his charges accordingly, and compiles the racing programme with greyhounds of equal merit. A consistent runner in his class is moved up to a higher grade, a consistent loser drops back one. These graded races are the backbone of greyhound racing, for the public know their dogs and their chances. They are not so certain as to the performances in the open races which periodically make up the cards.

Have a thought for the organisation behind greyhound racing next time you visit a track. Your interest will increase.

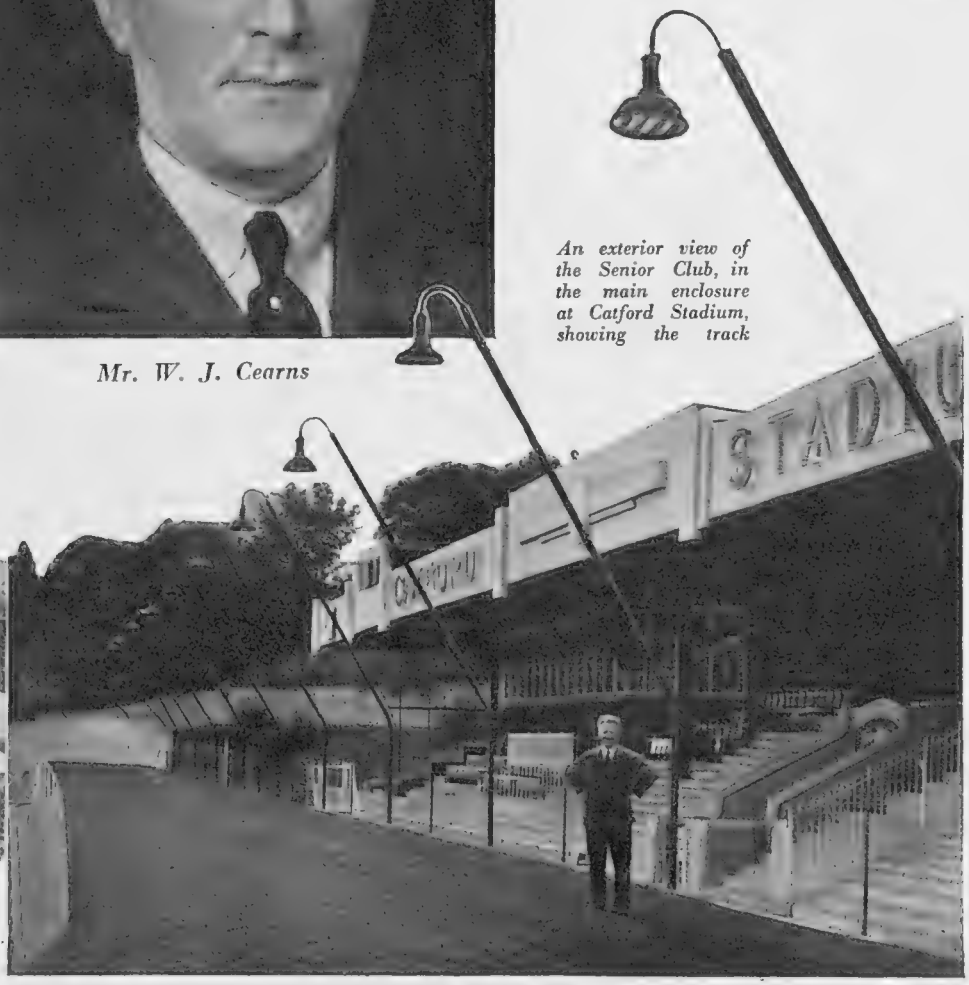
At the Northaw Kennels: greyhounds leaving for the racing track in a specially constructed motor-van

Right: Mr. W. J. Cearns, Chairman and Managing Director of South London Greyhound Racecourses, Ltd. He is also the Chairman and Managing Director, Southend Stadium, Ltd.

Mr. W. J. Cearns

A Peep Behind the Scenes

the dinner being prepared and portioned out gives comes. If off their feed, they are tempted with delicacies



An exterior view of the Senior Club, in the main enclosure at Catford Stadium, showing the track

The interior of the Clapton Stadium Club, with its effective modern decoration and lighting

The White City Stadium. This, the most luxurious greyhound racing club in the world, allows racegoers sitting at dinner, served from one of the finest kitchens in London, to watch, through the wide plate-glass windows, the dogs racing from start to finish round the illuminated track

A section of the vast Wembley Stadium restaurant, where hundreds of spectators can enjoy good food, good cooking, and good service

The Social Side of Greyhound Racing

JUST as remarkable as the growth in the popularity of greyhound racing has been the development of the social side of the sport.

Greyhound racing has now its definite place in London's night—or, perhaps, we should say evening—life. Many well-known Society women are greyhound-owners, and it is "the thing" for them to ask their friends to dinner at one of the greyhound clubs before and during the racing.

This feminine factor is perhaps responsible for the rapid development of the social activities at the London licensed tracks.

Attention to these social and culinary attractions has, therefore, presented an important feature to the track administrators, who have secured the services of famous and popular maîtres d'hôtel in order that the Club attractions and food may rival the best of high-class London hotels.

These unofficial "hosts" know that the task of serving the thousands of greyhound enthusiasts is no light job.

They must know how many cups of tea may be required, how many sandwiches should be prepared, how many grills should be ready to go to the chefs in the immaculate kitchens.

Their work does not consist only of greeting the club patrons or of supervising the restaurant services. The bars and buffet snack counters are also their responsibility, and the work is both difficult and arduous. Such work requires skilled men, and in this the Clubs have secured the best services.

THE White City and Harringay tracks are under the control of Captain Hewitt, while M. Emile, formerly of the Savoy and the Piccadilly Hotels, entertains at Wembley. The unofficial "host" of the Catford Club is Mr. H. D. Coppleston, who gained many valuable years of experience in foreign hotels. Mr. H. D. Coppleston is, by the way, very proud of a remark made about his cuisine by a famous visitor, who stated that he served the "finest meat in England." That is probably because Mr. Coppleston would sooner die than allow any foreign food to be served in his club.

THE Clapton Stadium have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. C. H. Read, while all Wimbledon racegoers know of one of London's most popular club secretaries, Mr. Charles Ferrari. These clubs are, therefore, now a very notable adjunct to London's amusements.

Three made their appearance in 1927—the White City opening first, followed by Harringay a few months later, and by Wembley at the end of the year.

All three clubs immediately became very popular with greyhound patrons. One of the chief delights of the White City Club is its situation, which enables racegoers to dine in comfort while actually seeing the races in progress. This is made possible by the fact that a dining-terrace is situated above the tiers of stands.

ANOTHER famous greyhound club is that at the Empire Stadium, Wembley. Wembley's club premises occupy the whole of the main terrace front of the Stadium, and give direct access to the principal enclosures. Its dining- and dancing-room has an area of 15,000 square feet. One thousand diners can be accommodated at one time.

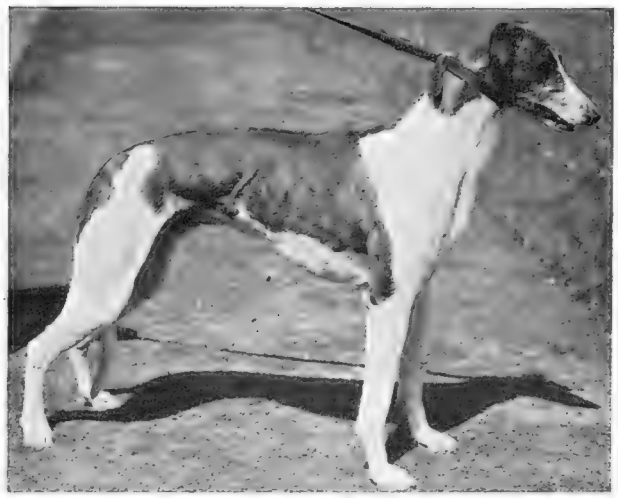
A part of the vast restaurant premises—the tasteful decorations of which were designed by Mr. Maxwell Ayrton, and executed by Mr. George Sheringham—is partitioned off as a club enclosure. Wembley has ten bars, each one of which is fully licensed. One bar, incidentally, is, according to the claim of the Stadium authorities, the longest bar in the world, and its popularity will soon place it on a level with the Trocadero Long Bar, and other famous West End rendezvous.

WIMBLEDON STADIUM probably has one of the most luxurious and up-to-date social clubs of any track in the country. The premises consist of entrance hall and cloak-rooms, a large restaurant with dance floor, two large, glass-fronted rooms, centrally heated, overlooking the race track, and, at the back of these rooms, a long lounge, with bar and snack bar, and a balcony running the whole length for members to view the paddock. Wimbledon is also specially famous for its French cuisine and dance band.

Canine Celebrities

Favourites of the Track

Right: Long Hop, from Harringay, the prettily marked, muscular hurdler who won the 1932 Grand National, and is also a hot favourite for this year's event



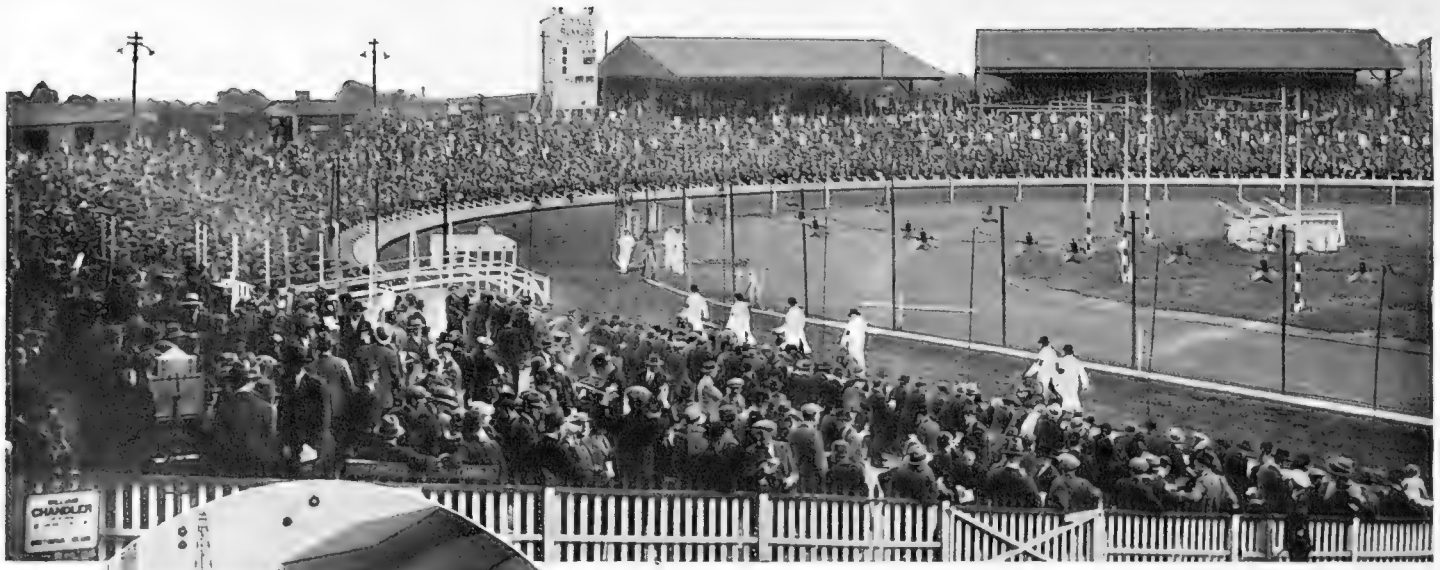
A close-up of Fertagh Laddie of Clapton

Above: the famous Wild Woolley, a White City dog valued at £2,500

Mrs. Arundel Kempton with Mick the Miller, once the star greyhound of Wimbledon, and two of his puppies

Above: Future Cutlet, one of the fastest Wembley greyhounds, has twice won the Cesarewitch and was narrowly beaten in the Derby final

Avion Bonanza, winner of many races at Catford, and one of the best 600-yards dogs in London



Above : Harringay Park, the North London track of the G.R.A., at which a "matinée performance" is being given on a Bank Holiday

Left : competitors being paraded round the track by their kennelmen at the Clapton Stadium

An aerial view of the White City Stadium, the home of the Grand National and the Derby. Nearly 100,000 people can be accommodated, and the stands are entirely covered. The Stadium is also used for athletic meetings and football

Photos : Gutver

The interior of the dining-room of the Wimbledon Stadium Club, much patronised by members

Above : a view of the Wembley Stadium, taken from the air, showing how the banked terraces and stands afford a good view for every spectator

Where the Crowd Roars

Left : the paddock of the Wimbledon Stadium, showing the greyhounds being walked previous to racing

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Ave Atque Vale

I CAME back from Dublin, after watching the match between Ireland and Scotland—it seems a long time ago now—considerably perplexed. The extraordinary fact that the Irish Channel was relatively calm was entirely counterbalanced by the stormy arguments which were raging over Scotland's victory.

Did the better side win? Was a dropped goal worth more than a try? Should Ireland have scored their second try, anyway, since touch was given just short of the Scottish line, when it should have been touch-in-goal?

Well, I don't propose to rake up incidents of the match again: it was a good match, the best of the year, and to that extent we were all well pleased. On a question of general principle, however, I think this dropped-goal business is worth discussing. It is a hardy annual, but I, personally, intend to go on hammering away about it while a drop kick continues to beat a try.

THOSE who think that a dropped goal is really worth four points are, to give them their due, logical fellows. The object of Rugby football, they maintain, is not merely to score tries, but to kick goals. For this reason two extra points are awarded when a try is converted, and this acts as an incentive to scoring as near the posts as possible. What is more, to encourage the practice of place-kicking, a dropped goal is rated as worth more than a try and less than a goal, so that emphasis is placed upon the value of conversion.

Had Ireland converted their tries, therefore—and with a dry ball they should have done so—this argument would never have arisen. Well, there 's reasoning for you, and to it you may add the fact that a dropped goal implies individual skill, coolness, and quick judgment.

This seems to me a pretty strong case, and yet it does not convince me, mainly because it is out of keeping with the true character of Rugby football. Anyone who has played the game will know what I mean, and certainly there is nothing more exasperating than battling away, tackling and falling and scrummaging, only to see some wretched fellow snatching victory out of your grasp by kicking the ball over your head.

THE dropped goal, in short, only indirectly beats the defence, and the qualities it demands are in no sense peculiar to Rugby football. It is clever juggling, and though it is sometimes the result of team-work, it is generally a piece of individual opportunism.

For my part, I resent the idea that a game like Rugby football can be decided by kicking: I am inclined to think that only tries should count, irrespective of where they are scored, with the addition of the penalty goal as a deterrent.

Why, after all, should a hard-fought game be won or lost because some individual keeps his eye on the ball, like a glorified golfer? The scoring of tries, which is the direct outcome of man-to-man attack, is the fundamental purpose of the game, and we could well do away with the subsequent shots at goal. In the meanwhile, I submit that a dropped goal is not worth four points, and that it should be reduced to three points immediately.

AFTER this outburst, I suppose I should compose a stirring requiem for the dead season. Barring the seven-a-sides at Twickenham next Saturday, Rugby football is virtually deceased until next September, and this is the last time I shall be holding forth in my dim, uncertain way. Still, we 've had a lot of fun, and now that I come to think of it, I feel that I may have appeared to be taking the game rather too seriously. It is, perhaps, a little late to attempt to make amends, even to the back-row forward, much though I have slandered the poor pest. There is, moreover, no use denying that there have been disquieting features about the general standard of play during the last few months and that the game is at a particularly low ebb.

On the other hand, there has been any amount of good and enjoyable club football, and I am entirely convinced that the depression is only temporary.

In the meanwhile, we can forget all about it, and hope and trust for better things next year.

Top: A. L. Novis (left), the English Captain and determined three-quarter. G. M. Henderson (right), the Scottish International forward

Below: P. B. Coote (left), Irish centre three-quarter of Air Force fame. W. Wooller (right), the best three-quarter Wales has found for years

"Go Away! Can't You See I'm Busy!"

A Rosslyn Park player handing off in a most peremptory manner one of the Exile team in the return match between these two clubs, which took place at Orleans Park, Twickenham

High Lights of the Rugby Season

TO return for a moment to next Saturday's seven-a-sides at Twickenham, I take it that there will be the usual large and enthusiastic crowd, for this competition is always entertaining and well organised. Scotsmen, I believe, look upon it rather scornfully, and remark that any "seven" from the Borders would make hay of our Sassenach competitors. I dare say that is true, for we don't know much about the true science of seven-a-side football in the London area. I always go to Twickenham furtively hoping that some obscure team, with a strange and unfamiliar name, will have worked out the real principles of the condensed game and will thereupon proceed to perform the Jack-the-Giant-Killer act, leaving Twickenham strewn with exhausted Harlequins and Heathens.

This is a definite possibility, and it gives a spice to the tournament.

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

TO-DAY, April 19th, is Primrose Day, but how many people, I wonder, will be wearing primroses? The custom is dying out, although the Disraelian cult is stronger than ever.

THE Primrose League itself is not what it was. Its work out in the country seems to have been usurped by the Women's Unionist Associations and it can no longer speak with the voice of authority it once possessed. The average Conservative Member thinks it too die-hard, though Mr. Baldwin remains its Grand Master.

THE League's romantic fellowship of Knights and Dames is not, I suppose, for these material days, and there 's an end of it. But it has done splendid work for the Tory Party in the past (far more splendid than the National Labour or Liberal National Parties), and it would be a pity, to say the least, were it allowed to decay and decline. I suspect that it lacks, as so many other institutions, a personality.

ITS Chancellor is Lord Greenwood (Sir Hamar that was), Irish Secretary for those troublesome years, 1920 to 1922. A great figure in his day, a man of courage. But surely not now quite the leader for a *live* organisation?

WILL Mr. Baldwin wear a primrose? I expect he will. He is a student of Disraeli, and follows his tradition, if not exactly in his footsteps.

DURING their holiday, while they are preparing themselves for the Budget, some of our younger M.P.s might do worse than re-read their Monypenny and Buckle. There is plenty of advice for them there—Disraeli's advice to a young Member in his day: "Let me tell you how to get on in the House of Commons. When the House is sitting, always be in your place; when it is not, read 'Hansard.'"

AND "I supported the Conservative Party as long as they kept to their principles, and when they deserted those principles, I voted against them." I am afraid a majority of the present House prefer principals to principles.

MR. ALFRED BOSSOM sits for Disraeli's old seat, Maidstone. Mr. Bossom, I understand, calls himself an international architect. It is to his credit that he is, besides, the architect of his own fortune. He sailed away to America in 1903; he was twenty-two at the time; and when he came back, after the war was over, he devoted himself to politics. He has a solution for the slum problem; is an Alderman on the London County Council, and owns "Genesis," Epstein's emetic. I ought to add he did splendidly in the war, planning industrial villages for the United States' munition plants.

Left: A pencil impression of the Marquess of Reading, by "Poli." Though not in the Government, Lord Reading exercises considerable influence on public affairs. He has been Captain of Deal Castle since 1926

SHREWSBURY, where Disraeli went to from Maidstone, is represented by a Mr. Duckworth. He is one of those who form the backbone of the Conservative Party; there is nothing forward about him. He is the Whips' ideal M.P.

LORD SANDON used to sit for Shrewsbury. He was Sir Samuel Hoare's Parliamentary Secretary when he was First Secretary of State for Air. He was originally one of Lord Milner's young men; but they are out of fashion to-day. Sir Samuel Hoare is now Secretary of State for India. Lord Sandon is no longer in the House. But he may get his chance again when he goes to the Lords.

THE best Budget story to date is that of the man who wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer enclosing £1—conscience money for the value of dog licences which he confessed he had omitted to buy. "I have no dog," he added in a postscript, "but I have been married for three years."

Hay Wrightson

The Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, P.C., M.P.

He sits for the Kelvingrove Division of Glasgow and is Minister for Agriculture in the present Government, in which position he is increasing a reputation which has already become established

I WAS fortunate to meet, last week, a man who is a recognised authority on international financial affairs, whose judgment is universally respected. He is a Frenchman. He was desperately pessimistic as to the immediate future of Europe, while he foresaw another crash in the United States. The only policy for England to pursue, he assured me, was to leave bad alone. The more we struggled, he said, the deeper we should sink.

IT is an unpleasant prospect if he be right. On all sides there is a demand that the coming Budget shall give us some relief, however slight. It all depends on Mr. Chamberlain. Is he the man to believe in a confidence trick? We shall know for certain, anyway, by this time next week.

"Myself when Young..."

Two More Lovely Pasts and Presents

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward as a sub-deb, a deb, and now as an ex-deb has had a very good claim to the now almost extinct title of "Society Beauty," and the photograph of her as a child proves that she was always lovely. She is the daughter of Mrs. Dudley Ward, and is nineteen this year

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward
To-day (above) and Yesterday (right)

Photographs by Bertram Park and Marcus Adams

Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton
As she was and as she is

Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, the elder of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham's two daughters, is another good-looking member of the younger set who, as a child, was just as attractive as she is at nearly twenty

The Passing Picture Show

Kings and Aces

By Sydney Tremayne

They Don't Care About Kingdoms

To Be a King or Not to Be a King?

Two photographs from "The King's Vacation," George Arliss's latest film at the Regal. Above are Dick Powell and Patricia Ellis, the younger generation of the story, and, right, George Arliss, the King who abdicates, and Marjorie Gateson, his morganatic wife, to whom he returns

"THE time has come . . . to talk of many things," but above the spate of indiscriminate film subjects there rise crowned heads and flying aces in sufficient number to give them a predominant claim to notice. As to the kings, they are the strangest that the quaint imaginings called forth by the demands of the screen have ever conceived.

In *The King of the Ritz* it is not the title-rôle which is the "real" King. Incredible as it may seem, it is Mr. Hugh Wakefield upon whom regality is thrust. There is no question of his acting or looking the King, however foreign or incognito, and no king of even the tiniest and most unpronounceable country could act or look like Mr. Hugh Wakefield. Perhaps this makes it all the more funny; but should kings be funny? - *No.*

Mr. Stanley Lupino is the omnipotent, omniscient, agile and ambitious gentleman referred to in the title of *The King of the Ritz*, and he is a hall-porter. It is permissible for hall-porters to be funny, though they never are. I adhere to the opinion I formed when I saw him in *Sleepless Nights*, that Stanley Lupino is the only English comedian who has proved perfectly transferable from stage to screen. His individual humour, his quickness, verbal and acrobatic, his perfect timing and placing, give him immediate and unquestionable star rank. Betty Stockfeld, as a rich widow to whose hand and fortune the resourceful porter aspires, and Gina Marlo, as the maid with a fidelity complex, provide the feminine support—and sport—in this lavishly produced English comedy with music.

IN *The King's Vacation* Mr. George Arliss treats the business of ascending and descending the steps of a throne much more seriously, and this little, elderly man, slightly bent now, without physical distinction, by virtue of a traditional histrionic manner and delightful diction, always achieves a certain dignity. But although the theme is, as usual, a revolution in some fantastic kingdom and democratic royalty, which finds a parallel in real life, this story and these situations are even more unconvincing than those in previous "Ruritanian" romances. However, there is the edifying spectacle of Mr. and Mrs. Arliss's immaculate and deeply sympathetic, though undemonstrative, marital relationship, with its opportunities for Mr. Arliss to give his well-known and popular imitation of whimsical rebellion when dragged by his ambitious womenkind into a position of public importance and ostentatious living, when all he wants is the simple life of a cottage and workshop (it does not matter whether he is a king or a millionaire "on vacation"!).

There is humour in the idea that, abdicating with delight from the position of figure-head King when revolution breaks out in his country, after arranging a divorce with the Queen ("wife in name only"), he returns to his morganatic wife and first love, with whom he had enjoyed love in a cottage before he was unexpectedly called to ascend the throne, only to find more pomp and ceremony and social obligations than he has left behind him. The lady is a climber, and has made the most of her ambiguous proximity to a throne. The vulgarity of the "Society" with which she has surrounded herself is probably, though accidentally, realistic, and there is one really witty line spoken by an unnamed member of the cast: when these impossible autograph-seeking people are pressing their unwelcome adulation on the ex-King, the commentator says: "A pity he was not so popular in his own country!"

AND now for the aces. "Everything is in the air" as an official, questioned by a Pressman about the cause of the Imperial Airways disaster, is reported to have said—a not very apt expression in the circumstances. The latest flying films tend to be prophetic, inferring, probably truthfully, that in the future man will be less and less terrestrial. *F.P.1*, which I have already reviewed, deals with the possibility of vast relay stations in mid-ocean to bring Transatlantic flights within reach of ordinary travellers. In *Men Must Fight*, the war of the future is pictured as being a matter of aerial combat and the demolition of whole cities and lay populations by invading aircraft, to the confusion of all pacifists.

THIS film is ambitious, but it contributes nothing to the problem agitating the world and the universities. It is a grand excuse for aeronautic stunts and the bursting of bombs, falling of masonry, smoke, fire and terror, familiar to patrons of war-films. Whether the events purport to take place in 1914 or 1940, cataclasmic destruction is always horrible, and the fact that a normal man, or the whole normal manhood of a country, will strike back when he is attacked, no matter what his principles and prejudices, is a platitude, not startling propaganda.

Men Must Fight is the apotheosis of the obvious, in which good actors, like Lewis Stone, Philip Holmes and Robert Young, manfully struggling to give all the ancient clichés life by artificial respiration, are lost in a welter of mediocrity, and Diana Wynyard's beauty and charm accentuate her isolation. She had a phenomenal success as the mother in *Cavalcade*, and is asked to repeat it in this unreal and insensitively drawn mother-rôle. It is most unfair and terrifying to think that Hollywood's single-track mind may continue to make a mother of her before her time—as stupid as Mary Pickford's limpet-like attachment to juvenile rôles. She has threatened to play Alice in Wonderland!

"He Wanted Adventure," at the Saville

"A Pirate Bold Am I"

The Mate Looking for One

Top, left: Peggy Bramstone (Judy Gunn) fills the pipe of peace belonging to Bobby Bramstone (Bobby Howes), who, owing to heredity, longs to perform feats of derring-do. Above: Bobby Bramstone becomes Captain Brimstone (Bobby Howes) and Captain of a Pirate Ship. Left: The Mate (Raymond Newell), who would possess the Pride of the Harem (Marie Burke), crooks in real life. All the pirate stuff is a dream, but, unlike most dreams, really a funny one

At the Theatre

"On Approval" Re-Approved

"On Approval" (Strand)

THE revival at the Strand of Frederick Lonsdale's six-year-old quartette makes the comparatively early demise of the same author's *Never Come Back* a strange affair. What was wrong—the theatre, the casting, the play, or should all three divide the blame?

No matter; yet the mystery deepens when I remember the volleys of repartee and witty lines. That last Act, so brilliantly held together by Frank Allenby, was a daring experiment, but as a sparkling after-dinner pick-me-up the piece was smart and tart enough for anybody.

Smarter and tarter, I thought, than our old and ever-welcome friend, *On Approval*. That masterpiece of its class and decade is probably superior in technique and construction, but I would wager I laughed more at this year's failure than I did at Ronald Squire, Ellis Jeffreys, Edmond Breon, and Valerie Taylor in 1927. Well though the revival wears, there are rare moments when time drops a hint that the social crust is always changing. Exit the cocktail: enter malmsey and madeira. Talk is as transient as tiaras: the vernacular of last season is dead as the dodo and deader than Queen Anne. In 1943, will not Peter Arno and Landseer be practically contemporaries?

Every year, I fancy, that glib, clipped lingo which passes for wit sharpens its tone and its tempo. Even our staider joke-drawings reflect the economical influence of the one-line wise-crack. Those long explanatory captions which began—"Old Lady (who has missed her train) to Stationmaster (who is, etc.)"—are almost as dated as the sonorous periods of Victorian dialogue. To analyse the trend of humour, the taste in comic art, and the shifting values of words is a tricky business which crops up with all revivals of great comedies. Only the fittest survive.

"ON APPROVAL" is vintage stuff, and the bubbles are always rising to the surface. Only occasionally does the pickle king's daughter (Agatha Carroll) stray into the chords of sincerity from that note of frivolous banter on which the insolent Duke (Ronald Squire), the selfish widow (Isabel Jeans), and the faithful Richard (Athole Stewart) harp with such consistent gusto. While they are quarrelling acidly, sans servants, sans library books, in Mrs. Wislack's house in Scotland (what time that wayward tyrant is trying out her devoted Richard as a husband on approval), all is very well. But the thought of the charming Helen flinging herself away on his Grace of Bristol and allowing her infatuation to be anything but pretence is almost uncomfortable. This bankrupt, brainless Duke, who makes jokes against dukes, is as greedy as a shark, as selfish as a hog, and as cunning as a monkey, is an old roué with a schoolboy's disarming optimism. His description of Shakespeare—"that chap who had a place at Stratford"—puts the art of Epigram before the advantages of Education as a social asset. To keep sentiment out of the picture, one hoped that Helen, having escaped with Richard, would marry that obtuse spaniel and leave his Grace to slay or be slain by Maria long before their three weeks of snow-bound isolation was over.

Ronald Squire is his Ducal self, and no more need be said than that. Athole Stewart is a safe bet for faithful fatuity in tweeds; Agatha Carroll acquits herself well, and Isabel Jeans makes her mannerisms go a long way. Stanley Holloway, by the way, is one of those curtain-raisers which inspire punctuality.

TRINCULO.

The Fairy Napier monoplane at the Municipal Airport, Cape Town, after its record-breaking flight to South Africa. The familiar "Shell" wagon and pump can be seen on the left, ready to re-fill the tanks for the more leisurely journey home over the Imperial route

Views from the Top of the World

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Mountain Flying

THE Houston Expedition engaged on flights over the Himalayas has achieved a magnificent success, Everest itself, the highest point in the world, being surmounted and photographed at the first attempt. It is not known at the time these notes are being written whether a complete photographic record has been obtained, but permission for a second flight over Nepal was probable, and the results should, in any case, be the most remarkable views that have ever been seen. Some idea of the possibilities of long-range photography has been given in the *Times* series of infra-red pictures, especially that of the whole of the Isle of Wight looking like a model constructed as a lesson in geography. The gigantic scale of the Himalayas is such that no words can describe the scenery or compare it adequately with any other great mountain range, but the pictures should convey to the eyes something of the grandeur which few people are privileged to see for themselves. To Air-Commodore Fellowes, every member of the Expedition, and to Lady Houston, whose generous support made this great adventure possible, the utmost credit is due. The two Westland machines, built at Yeovil, are similar to many others used by the R.A.F. and the Dominion Air Forces for general duties, and the Bristol "Pegasus" engine chosen for high-altitude work is the same type which holds the world's altitude record. Shell petrol and Wakefield's "Castrol" were found ideal for the low temperatures, and K.L.G. plugs supplied the vital sparks to the engines.

Freight by Air and Sea

ARRANGEMENTS between Imperial Airways and the principal shipping companies, whereby freight can be consigned by the quickest route to and from America, are working well. The picture on this page, taken at Karachi, was the occasion of the first of such consignments from India, one of the parcels being an elaborately carved tobacco-jar for Will Rogers. It was flown to London, transferred to a fast liner at Southampton, flown from New York to San Francisco, and then on to Beverley Hills. The journey from India to California took a fortnight, whereas by ordinary means, without the aid of air services, parcels take at least six weeks. Freight to the Far East can be sent by air as far as India, and at the end of this year it is expected that the Imperial air route will be extended to Singapore and, later, to Australia. The re-equipment of the African route with Atalantas and Handley-Page *type coloniale* is almost complete.

A group of passengers and officials of Imperial Airways at Karachi Airport, which is the modern gateway to India. An ocean-air service is available from India to all parts of the United States, freight being given special customs facilities to ensure speedy transit

Passenger Traffic Arrangements

THE disaster to an air liner flying from Brussels to London has made no difference to bookings, for the public has realised that air transport can be no different to other methods of travel in that accidents will sometimes occur, in spite of the greatest care which is taken with equipment. In actual fact, the supervision of aircraft is stricter than that exercised over any vehicles, and there seems no doubt that the accident referred to was in no way the fault of the personnel or of the machine, but was due to some cause quite extraordinary, the repetition of which is almost impossible. The King and Queen of the Belgians have demonstrated their complete confidence in Imperial Airways by flying to Syria on the India mail-route. Other notable passengers using the air lines across Europe during recent weeks have been Sir Walter Layton and Mr. Randolph Churchill to Berlin, Miss Camilla Horn from Brussels to London, Mr. Ashley Dukes and Mr. Georges Seversky from Paris. Every service will be taxed to the limit during the Easter week-end, and extra machines are being put on to cope with the rush. Gatwick is to be scheduled by the Air Ministry as an emergency landing-ground for air liners to and from the Continent. It is situated south of the London fog belt and adjacent to the Southern Railway's electrified line to Brighton, trains passing the aerodrome every few minutes. In the case of a landing at Gatwick, due to fog at Croydon, a train will be stopped and passengers will be in London half an hour later, quicker almost than going by car from Croydon. The Redwing Aircraft concern has its headquarters at Gatwick, and there is a flying school, complete with the most attractive club-house.

The Latest Light 'Planes

THE first of the Lowe-Wylde "Drones" has been delivered to the Hanworth Club, permission having been obtained from the Air Ministry for general flying within the three-mile limit. Licensed pilots can hire the machine, at nineteen shillings an hour, by arrangement with Captain Max Findlay, chief instructor at the aerodrome. The two-seater to which I referred recently as being built at Reading is the Miles "Hawk," powered with a Cirrus III. engine of 95 horse-power. It is an open two-seater low-wing monoplane, with the wings constructed to fold. Performance figures are not yet available, but the take-off is remarkably quick and the speed appears to be well over the hundred-miles-an-hour mark. The closing date for entries at normal fees in the race for the King's Cup, being staged this year at Hatfield, is May 1st. The Junior Aero Club, noted for cheery parties to celebrate flying feats of importance, is following its usual precedent by organising a dinner to Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieutenant Nicholetts. This will take place at the sign of the Ham Bone, Ham Yard, Piccadilly, on April 28th.

The Halford Hewitt Cup Competition at Deal

Putting on the third green in the third round of the annual Public Schools Old Boys Golf, at Royal Cinque Ports, Deal. The pairs on the green represent the Old Etonians and Old Carthusians (holders), won by the latter by three to two

G. Illingworth and A. S. Newey, who represented the Old Malvernians team in the Halford Hewitt Cup Competition

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

The Cup that Cheers at Deal

WHEN Halford Hewitt first thought of a public school competition and presented the cup which bears his name, I wonder if he ever visualised, even in his wildest dreams, a spectacle such as any who were near could have witnessed at Deal recently? It must have given him very great personal pleasure to see nearly four hundred actual players, not to mention the various camp followers, trainers, reserves, managers and other executives (which is how the many who, once bitten, cannot bear to be away from Deal on this occasion choose to excuse their presence). To Halford Hewitt belongs the distinction of having inaugurated the most popular golf competition of the year.

IT matters terribly which side is going to win, not merely to old boys of the particular school concerned, but also to old boys of other schools unhappily defunct for that year only, but all staying on to cheer for Charterhouse, or howl for Harrow, or roar for Rugby. And, frankly, it is easy to understand why everyone is so anxious to gain a place in his Old Boys side: after all, foursomes as a form of golf stands by itself, the company is congenial, the course is excellent, the battles are close, and a six-inch putt is likely to be conceded at least during the first nine holes.

To Halford Hewitt, therefore, go the grateful thanks of all who have ever competed in the Halford Hewitt Cup since it was first disputed in 1924 and won by Eton: which means that to Halford Hewitt go the very grateful thanks of close on a thousand golfers, which must be a pleasant thought to him and one which is richly deserved. Thank God for Halford Hewitt!

SINCE 1924, when Eton beat Winchester in the first final, only three schools have ever proved victorious. Eton won for the first three years, but then Harrow intervened before another Eton victory. Harrow did it again in 1929 and 1931; and Charterhouse, the school of which Halford Hewitt himself is such a promising member, won in 1930 and 1932, to the undisguised and refreshing delight of the donor of the cup. It is amusing to see how keen are all who play, and many who merely do a Gregorian and watch after the first round: there is no question of wishing to see a good shot get its just reward: if it gets a wicked kick joy is only partly hidden, provided the ball belongs to the other side. There is none of that nonsense of wanting to see the best side win. You want your own side to win, or, failing that, the side which includes most of your friends. Not that all this keenness means green-crawling and other kindred evils: the matches are fought to the last gasp, and to the final putt, but they are fought in the only possible competitive spirit, which is at once the friendliest and the unfriendliest rivalry. Those of you who watch golf as a pastime are mad not to save up your pennies and rush off to Deal every year in the week-end before Easter, especially if the weather is as it was this year. There are no better matches to watch, for, although all the golf may not be always perfect (there are frequently rather complicated fours as well as those played correctly; there are sometimes imperfect sevens to set off against the perfect twos), the matches are very frequently much too close for the peace of mind of the competitors.

A PARTICULARLY useful characteristic of the Halford Hewitt Cup is the way in which it tends to bring to the front not merely young, but sometimes quite mature, although previously unknown golfers. Every year there are heroes, and last year two came from Charterhouse, in J. H. Thompson and L. B. Sanderson. Both of them impressed me so much that I did my best, in the only way possible to me, to ensure their selection for the Walker Cup side. Since then Thompson has faltered at one or two ditches, whilst remaining an excellent golfer, but Sanderson has not. Instead, he has improved to such an extent that I really do think he is the best unpaid golfer in England to-day. That, of course, is a very sweeping statement indeed, but I mean it. I would cheerfully back Lionel Sanderson over thirty-six holes against any other amateur in Great Britain with my own money, which is a lot for a Scotsman to say about an Englishman. He should walk into any imaginable international side, and stay there for years to come. I hope he has a little luck in a few of the open events of this year: without a little luck no one, no matter how good, can succeed, but with it he could not fail. Sanderson was certainly the best golfer playing for any school at Deal.

His partner was about the second best: John Beck has long been held in awe by his friendly rivals, and he has been playing well this year. He had no luck last year; perhaps this year the luck will turn and his ability come into its own.

IT is very difficult, when writing of individuals at Deal, to refrain from running down the list of those who played for Charterhouse and telling the world how good they are. In fact, it is a mystery that they do not win with the regularity which would become monotonous. But there are others who seem to rise to the occasion and play well: Raymond Oppenheimer and Cyril Gray, of Harrow, Peter Hobbs, of Marlborough (who does not play much competitive golf, but is very, very good at Deal), and Eustace Storey, of Shrewsbury, are but four of the many.

I seem to have written very little about this year's competition. But you do not want that from me—you have had it all from your daily papers, and all that I could say would be but stale news to you. There were the usual surprises, and the usual great victories, and typical examples are the victory of Marlborough over Winchester in the first round, and their collapse in the second, against Felstead. Of the lesser lights in golfing schools Felstead, Sherborne, and Cranleigh all did well, and every one was pleased to see it. I have just enough space to congratulate Rugby on having got their name as winners on the board for the first time, but I will have more to say about them in my next article.

SPORT with the LID OFF

The Opening of the Yachting Season

One of the events when Oxford University Yacht Club recently visited Burnham-on-Crouch to race against the Royal Corinthian Y.C. and United Hospitals

Claude Harris

Lord Askwith

Who, among other of his multifarious activities, including arbitration in trade disputes, is President of the National Greyhound Racing Society of Great Britain

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

THE tumultuous reception accorded to Larwood when he returned to England may have been absurd and hysterical, but it was at least significant of the interest taken in the events of the M.C.C. Australian tour. I can well imagine that every Sports Editor in England is scratching his head and wondering how he can scoop an interview with any of the people directly concerned, for I think we shall have to wait some time before the official report reaches us from the M.C.C.

Of course, the man who really has a story is Douglas Jardine, but of all people he is the least likely to be stampeded, even by experienced journalists, into impolitic statements. I think we may take it for granted, however, that, whatever Jardine or anybody else may say, the Australians will be over here in 1934, according to schedule. After all, the cricket authorities in these days have to think seriously of the financial aspect of the game, and neither the Australians nor the M.C.C. will be anxious to lose the profits from an Australian tour in this country.

Incidentally, I see that if Lord Hawke is unable to act at any time on the cricket Selection Committee this summer, Sir Stanley Jackson has agreed to take his place. It is good to know that Sir Stanley can spare the time, for he is a level-headed and shrewd judge of a cricketer, and would be, in my opinion, a most valuable acquisition on the Committee.

I am beginning to be a little worried about the forthcoming West Indian tour, for although there are several fine cricketers among the West Indians, there are also, it seems to me, rather too many players approaching the veteran stage. I hope the team will stand up to the racket of an extremely busy tour; it would be a great pity if our visitors failed to do themselves justice in the three Test matches which have been arranged for them.

WHILE we are discussing the financial side of modern sport, there is a suggestion that a strong section of French Rugby football opinion favours some kind of arrangement with the Rugby League. I note that M. Gondouin, a sound judge of Rugby affairs, has stated that any arrangement with the Rugby League would mean "a marked evolution towards professionalism in French Rugby." M. Gondouin puts it mildly; any such arrangement would mean much more than that. It would push France, for good and all, into the professional game, and there are many, myself among them, who think that this might be no bad thing. Apparently the competitive element suits the French temperament, and there can be no doubt that veiled professionalism still exists in the French championships.

Mr. Rutherford, who is the Rugby ambassador between France and the Rugby Union, told me recently that we might very shortly expect to hear of a development in the resumption of friendly relations between France and our own authorities. I am afraid he was being optimistic. There is no likelihood whatever that France would be welcomed back to the fold until her domestic affairs have been put on a far sounder footing. A pity, but there it is.

BEFORE we leave the subject of Continental football, there is the approaching international "Soccer" match between England and Italy to consider. The prospect of this continues to worry me, especially as our Selectors find themselves in something of a dilemma. The English team against Scotland was far from being satisfactory, but until our methods of selection are drastically revised, it is difficult to have much faith in the work of the Selectors. The committee, as it is at present constituted, is far too large and unwieldy, and experience has shown in every game that large committees are invariably inefficient.

TURNING to boxing for a moment, we have heard nothing lately about the proposed legislation to enforce the wearing of protective devices by all boxers. I hope, indeed, that we shall hear no more about it, though the fact that several members of the British Boxing Board of Control have asked that the matter should be discussed is disquieting. I cannot agree that such a proposal is even worth discussing; it should be turned down flat, without any further consideration whatever. It is, after all, merely a step towards the American "no foul" rule, and we certainly should be extremely unwise to countenance any such rule over here.

I think, myself, that our referees could be much more strict in their application of the laws than they are at present. Too many warnings are given, and there is too little prompt disqualification for various offences. There is, for instance, far too much deliberate holding in professional boxing, and for this offence disqualification should be invariably swift and relentless. What we need is a stricter application of existing rules, rather than the addition of new legislation, which would give even more latitude to those boxers who are always prepared to take advantage of any leniency which may be shown them.

NOW I propose to forget controversies which surround our professional games, for over the week-end the trout-fishing season opened on the stretch of water where I am lucky enough to have a rod. Not that I expect to do any great execution myself—indeed, so high a respect have I for the educated trout in this particular chalk stream, that I hardly expect to do any execution at all. Still, the prospect of wandering through the water meadows at this time of year with a fly rod is mightily consoling after the hubbub which has overwhelmed us through the winter.

APRIL, 1933

17th to 30th inclusive

17th EASTER MONDAY.
Racing. Kempton Park. Birmingham and Newcastle Mtgs. Manchester, Carlisle, Cardiff, Towcester Stplchs.
Motoring. B.A.R.C. Easter Meeting, Brooklands.
Motor Cycling. Donington Park Races—Derby & D.M.C.

18th **Racing.** Epsom Spring Meeting. Birmingham and Newcastle Meetings. Cardiff, Towcester, Wetherby, and Torquay Steeplechases.
Motor Cycling. Esholt Park Races. Bradford Specials M.C.

19th **Racing.** Epsom and Catterick Bridge Meetings.
Athletics. Sussex Walking and Athletic Club 10 mile Walk, Brighton.
Lawn Tennis. Hard Courts Tournament, Felixstowe.
Boxing. Royal Navy and Royal Marines Open Championships, Portsmouth.

20th **Racing.** Epsom and Catterick Bridge Meetings. Ludlow and Badsworth Hunt Stplchs.
Golf. Open Meeting, Sandown, I.O.W.

21st **Racing.** Sandown Park, Stockton and Ludlow Steeplechases.
Skating. International Figure Skating Champ., Purley.

22nd **Racing.** Sandown Park, Stockton, Worcester, Bangor and Southdown Hunt Stplchs.
Rugby. Seven-a-side Finals, Twickenham.
Motor Cycling. Liverpool M.C. Reliance Cup 14 8th Trial
Athletics. Long-distance walk for blinded ex-Servicemen, Wembley.

24th **Racing.** Alexandra Park, Worcester and Quorn Hunt Steeplechases.
Tennis. Amateur Chps. begin.
Golf. Army Championships, Royal Cinque Ports, Deal.
Skating. International Figure Skating Pairs Championships, Manchester.

25th **Racing.** Newmarket. Colwall Park Steeplechases. Kildare and National Hunt (Punchestown) Meeting.
Shows. Cattle, Dog and Poultry Show, Ayr.
Cricket. West Indies v. Mr. J. Gilbert Scott's team, Pelsham, Nr. Rye.
Golf. English Amateur Championship, Granton.

26th **Racing.** Newmarket. Fontwell Park, Hexham and Tarporley Stplchs.

27th **Racing.** Newmarket. Fontwell, Hexham, Oswestry and Llanymyneck Steeplechases.
Shows. National Exhibition of Camping, Hiking & Allied Sports, Imperial Institute.

28th **Racing.** Newmarket and Thirsk Meetings.
Athletics. Public Schools Challenge Cups Meeting, White City.

29th Fox Hunting Ends.
Racing. Hurst Park. Thirsk and Phœnix Park Meetings.
Football. F.A. Cup Final, Wembley.
Athletics. Public Schools Challenge Cups Meeting, White City. Stock Exchange Walk, London to Brighton.
Golf. Ladies' Amateur Tournament, Bournemouth.
Lawn Tennis. Hard Court Championships, Malvern.
Motor Cycling. 100 Mile Races, Southport; Southport M.R.C. North-West 200 North of Ireland M.C.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Competitors taking it easy at Royal Mid-Surrey after luncheon during the Spring Medal Foursomes. The group includes Miss Cecil Leitch, Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Jean Hamilton, Mrs. Clarke, and Mrs. Percy Garon

Below: Mrs. King, Miss Janet Jackson, Miss A. Regnart, and Mrs. H. Guedalla, the ultimate winners of the whole Competition, seen walking to the club-house after their match

Midsummer Weather for Spring Foursomes

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"The Bystander"

Spring Medal Foursomes

at Royal Mid-Surrey: (9th Year)

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I FEEL rather mixed up in a dual personality and wish I could apply to Barrie for advice on how he manages his Maconochie. Can I tell you that you had a most successful competition at Royal Mid-Surrey, or, because I sit behind the table handing out cards, must I be all humility about it? At all events, neither you nor I were responsible for the gorgeous weather, the perfect condition of the courses, or the very good scoring of everybody who won prizes.

It really was a great honour to be allowed the use of the Men's course, and every honour was done to the competition by J. H. Taylor starting the competitors, both morning and afternoon. Another honour was Miss Cecil Leitch competing, though she and Mrs. Sassoon failed to arrive in any of the prize lists. Where they did arrive was Kew Gardens. I don't know if Miss Leitch had been reading Alfred Noyes, himself a great admirer of the game of golf, and taking his advice—"Come down to Kew in lilac-time, it isn't far to go." Unfortunately for Miss Leitch, it was far enough to be out of bounds, and if she were mistaking early April for lilac-time, it was no wonder; the sun was fairly blazing, and some competitors walked round under umbrellas.

MISS LEITCH may have been too out of practice to uphold family tradition, but Mrs. Guedalla stepped into the breach as a sister should. Nobody paid very particular heed to her at lunch-time, because she and Miss Regnart had been on the short course and done no better than 79 there. Mrs. Gage and Miss Wade had handed in 76; the young Barton sisters (either of whom may yet be Girl Champion) were 79, and running right off the top of the return sheet with their 70 net.

However, there was the afternoon. In the morning most of the big people had been drawn to tackle the long course first. To begin with, Lady Eddis and Miss Skinner were at the top of the ladder with 83. Then the holders, Mrs. Percy Garon and Mrs. M. L. Clarke, handed in 82, and, nearing lunch-time, in came 80 from Miss Antonia Ramsden (who won the Gold Cup at Roehampton a month ago) and her sister, Mrs. Satchell. That sounded very good, and speculation did not suggest that anybody was going to get into the gross 70's on the Men's Course, although the tees were sufficiently forward for the par to be just about what it is for men from their medal tees. Afternoon interest, in fact, really centred on how the holders, how Lady Eddis's side, Miss Winn and Mrs. Hill, and, above all, Miss Ramsden and her sister, would fare on the short course.

THEN, halfway through the afternoon, a rumour electrified those who were coping with the return sheets that Mrs. Guedalla, on the long course, had taken an almost incredible number of holes in

(continued on page 130)

Miss Barnes Gorrell — *Bunkered at the third*

Miss A. de Montmorency — *Driving at the sixth*

Miss Doris Wilkins — *Completing a drive*

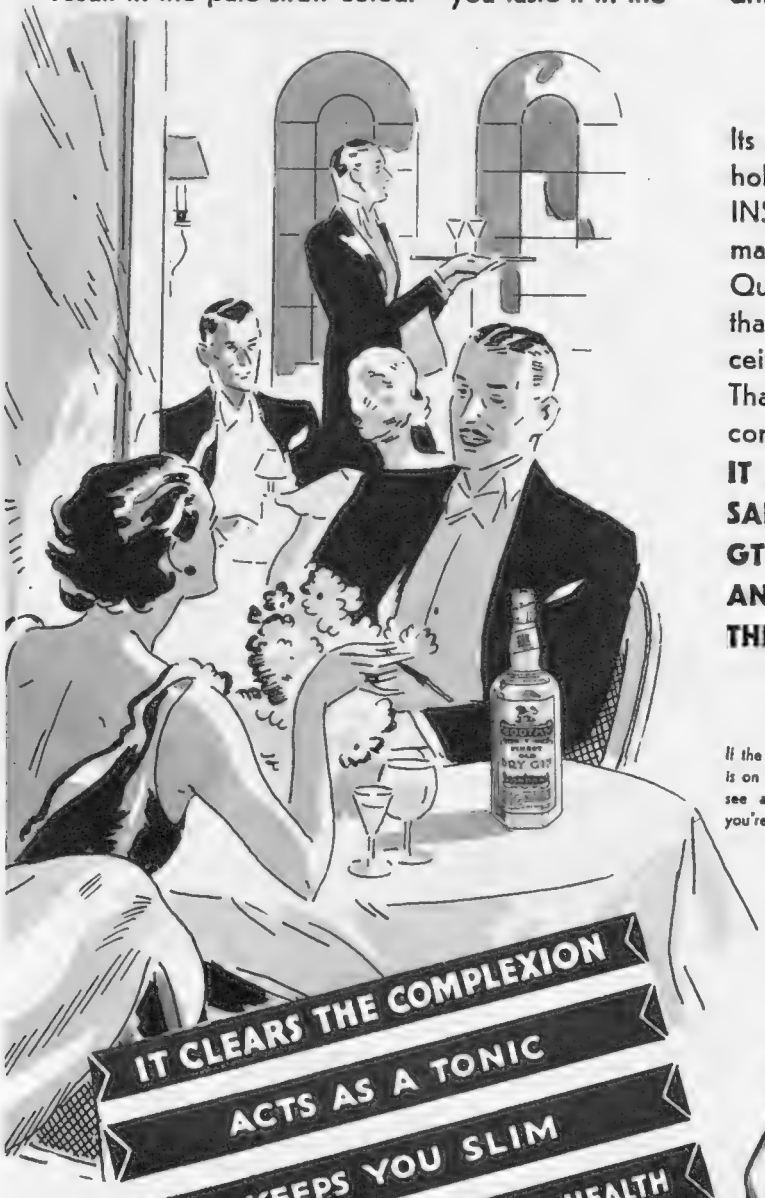
Mrs. G. Thompson — *Playing out of the rough*

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT

THE REASON FOR ITS GREAT POPULARITY

Obviously this is due to the superiority gained by its perfect maturity—Booth's Dry has no equal—it is the **only** Gin that is matured. You see the result in the pale straw colour—you taste it in the delightful mellow flavour—you realise it in the extra body of Booth's Dry. Because of this it 'comes through' in cocktails, short or long drinks with greater strength and finer flavour.



IT CLEARS THE COMPLEXION
ACTS AS A TONIC
KEEPS YOU SLIM
AND RESULTS IN PERFECT HEALTH

Willing

Its purity cannot be gainsaid for it holds the GOLD SEAL of the INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE "for maintaining the standard of Purity, Quality and Merit for not less than ten years." It has in fact received the certificate for 25 years. That it is in general favour is confirmed by the fact that

IT HAS BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY BRITISH GIN IN GT. BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

If the clear hexagonal bottle is on your table you can see and enjoy what you're drinking.

. . . . The new Cami-Knicker

for Evening . . . . Wear

preserving the charm of the slender contour

. . . .

In beautiful colours.

From the collection of delightful novelties in Lingerie at Debenhams

For wearing under this season's frocks this cami-knicker is perfect. Carried out in satin or crêpe-de-Chine over mull of the same shades to give firmness to the shape. In coral, ivory, parchment, pink and black. Sizes 36, 38, 40 inches.

39/6

CATALOGUE OF NEW LINGERIE: POST FREE

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

"The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes

(Continued from page 128)

On the left: Miss Skinner and, right, Miss Geoffrey Hicks, two of the competitors in "The Bystander" Ladies' Medal Foursomes, played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Richmond

something incredibly near fours. The checking of 176 cards is apt to produce scepticism: nobody dared to get really worked up, but the rumour grew; Mrs. Guedalla had been seen leaving the last green, while an opponent, with a shaking hand, signed a card bearing her name and a gross total of 76. Duly signed, checked, doubly checked, entered on the ladder, it stood supreme, heading scratch aggregate, scratch on the Men's and handicap on the Men's. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that nobody may take more than one prize, or Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart would have staggered home, bearing not only cups and replicas, but trays and Miss Wethered's invention of ball bags as well.

Then interest centred on what Miss Ramsden might be doing. Unfortunately, the answer was, very ill. The excitement had proved fatal to the golf. The 74, which rapid calculations showed to be their necessity, could not be arrived at. Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart were safe. All Miss Ramsden and Mrs. Satchell could take was the scratch prize on the Men's Course (because of the regulation aforesaid), after a tie with Miss Jolly and Miss Forsyth, who had had an afternoon 80 there. Everybody really felt most full of sympathy for the losers of that tie, because they also lost the tie which they came in for by this "winners inelegible" regulation for the handicap prize on the Men's. Their conquerors for that were Mrs. Kellar Frost and Miss Fargus, who tied with them again over the last nine holes, thereby calling for fractions, cold bandages to the head, and radishes to munch for sharpening the wits before the management could arrive at who really did win the tie.

WHAT there was no doubt about was that Mrs. Gage and Miss Wade, the Hampshire pair, had won the scratch on the Ladies' with 76, and that their 70½ net, being ineligible for the handicap there, and the Barton sisters being ineligible because they had taken the handicap aggregate—I hope you aren't as breathless as we checkers were—that the handicap on the Ladies,' therefore, went to Miss Pockett and Miss Valerie Black, both of whom play for Sussex II. Great things, as a matter of fact, had been expected of the Sussex first pair, Mrs. V. G. Davies and Miss Lake, not only because they hold THE BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes' Cups, but because both of them have done so well at the top of Sussex in the County matches, but it was not to be. It was Miss Winn and Mrs. Ernest Hill, and Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Garon who slipped into the sweep list for second scratch on the Ladies'.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

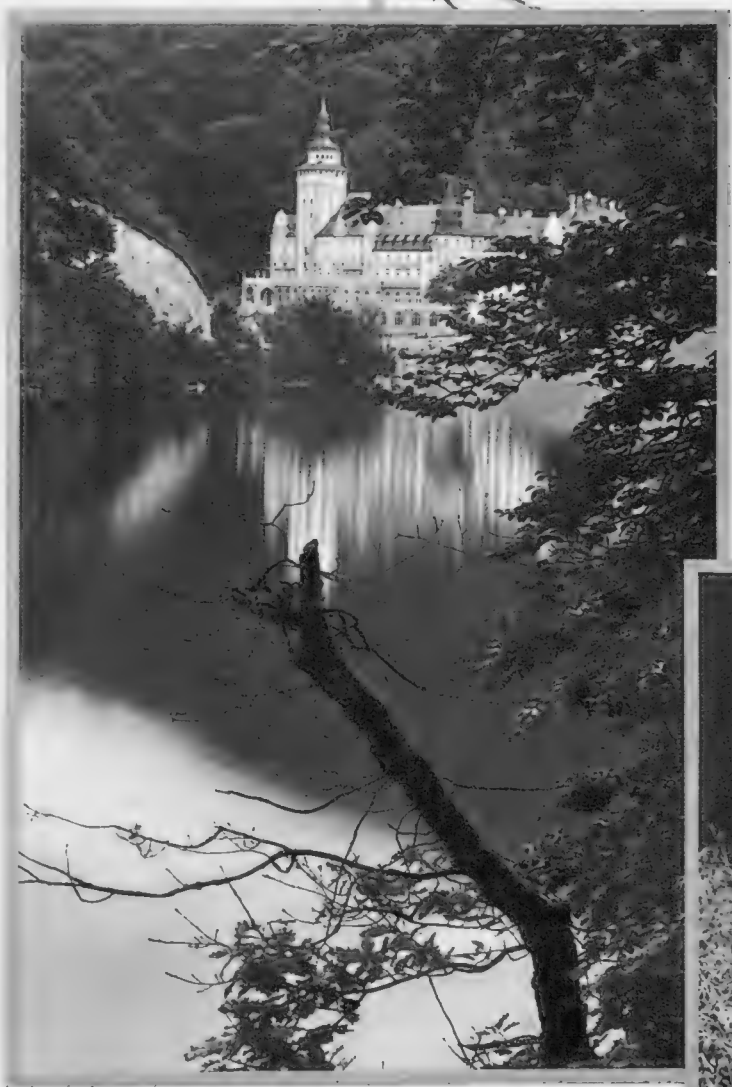
Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

COME AND SHOOT IN HUNGARY

AS each new year progresses, the English sportsman has to make up his mind to be deprived of one kind of shooting after another. Ptarmigan, grouse and blackgame—even if he is wealthy enough to get them, are by now enjoying their close season; February sees the end of pheasant shooting and partridge shooting; the close time for duck comes in March—the month which also sees the end of deer-stalking. There is nothing to do but put one's gun away—or console oneself with clay pigeons or an occasional rabbit. These circumstances make it all the more extraordinary that a sort of sportsman's paradise at a very easy distance has been hitherto so largely neglected. We speak of Hungary. Englishmen are perhaps too prone to form their ideas of sport on the continent from the ridiculous little coppices that you may see in Picardy bristling with "chasse reservée" notices; or on the pigeon shooting on the Riviera. But Hungary is a very different proposition. Here the estates of the nobility have always been stocked with game on the largest scale, ever since the Middle Ages. This game has never been seriously thinned. And the interesting thing is that the Hungarian season opens just when our close season begins—in the few cases in which it has been found necessary to protect the game there at all. Now let us say you are an Englishman of moderate means who has never enjoyed more than a hundred acres of shooting shared with some other modest Nimrods, from which you perhaps get fifty brace of pheasants and ten brace of partridges. You can now realise your ambition. For little more than the price of an ordinary summer holiday you can enjoy such deerstalking in Hungary as the best of shooting countries rarely offer millionaires. The lesser forms of game, hare, pheasant, partridge, are so plentiful in Hungary that we should only court incredulity by quoting the figures of average bags. And these Hungarian shoots are not merely wholesale massacres or battues. The birds are all wild and have never known the keeper's hand. Lastly, when you get to Hungary, you are not just handed a "game pass" by some type of official and told "Woe betide you if you shoot more than your allotted amount." On the contrary, the Hungarian landowner who presides over the estate will receive you as his guest and you may enjoy your sport without constraint.



The BYSTANDER

is able to announce the arrangement by the Hungarian authorities of an unique form of shooting holiday in Hungary on terms which have never before been available to British sportsmen.

The total inclusive price of this trip is

120 guineas

which includes:—

Return railway accommodation from London to Budapest by the Orient or Arlberg Express.

Two days in Budapest, with accommodation at a first-class hotel (either the Ritz, the Hungaria or the St. Gellert).

Transport by motor-car to the shooting territory of a Hungarian country gentleman or nobleman.

Twelve days' roe-buck shooting over picked Hungarian shooting areas, with the right to kill five roe-buck. During these twelve days visitors will be accommodated at a castle or shooting lodge with all the privileges of guests—*e.g.*, tennis, riding, fishing, etc.

Roe-buck shooting extends from April 15th to July 31st. A special feature of these tours is the personal attention which will be paid to all visitors.

For further information of this remarkable holiday, and other interesting tours in Hungary, call or write to sole agents for the organisers:—

DORLAND PERSONAL TRAVEL SERVICE
DORLAND HOUSE, 14, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 0112. *Telegrams: Dorlandism, Piccy.*

A Hungarian gentleman thoroughly conversant with all points is in attendance at the above address to give personal attention to prospective visitors.

CARS with a Personality

The 16-h.p. A.C. "Ace"

By The Earl of Cardigan

A reputation for good looks and graceful lines is well maintained by the latest A.C. two-door saloon. There can be few more attractive cars in the 16-h.p. class

The doors are of great width, and fitted with pockets. The general build of the car being low, it has been found possible to dispense with running boards

The stubby gear lever is a delight to use; and all controls, except the hand-brake, are well placed. The windscreen winding control is an interesting feature

IN the days when I first became acquainted with the A.C. car, it was already notable as being, in the opinion of most judges, "the prettiest light car on the road." Certainly it had exceptionally graceful lines, at a time when most light cars were under-powered and over-bodied. To-day, as a 16-h.p. "six," the A.C. "Ace" still retains this original characteristic. Among cars of its class, it would be difficult to find one with more distinguished and attractive looks.

Where a real change has been made is in this car's new standard of performance. An A.C. always went well, but, in its liveliness and speed, the latest model must be deemed exceptional. Its engine is outstandingly efficient, and there is now an admirable four-speed gear-box. The latter, although not of the "fool-proof" variety, is a real pleasure to use—particularly as regards the changes between third and top gears.

In third gear, the performance certainly exceeded anything that I had expected. Acceleration was strikingly rapid, and, during my recent test, I was able to reach a speed of no less than 60 m.p.h. In top gear, owing to traffic, I was not able to reach the maximum, but I should place this at about 75 m.p.h. Certainly, there was a comfortable top-gear cruising speed between 50 and 60 m.p.h.

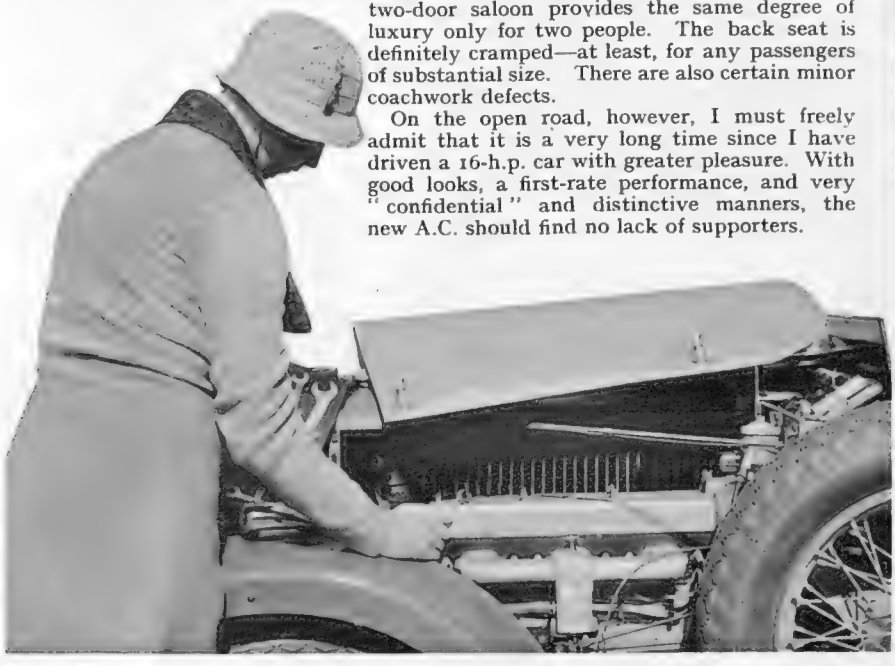
A welcome, but not unexpected, A.C. virtue was that the car seemed to "sit down" very comfortably on the road at all speeds, and to handle in a way calculated to inspire complete confidence. Actual flexibility proved very good, although the engine, perhaps not unnaturally, did not seem to enjoy running very slowly.

The brakes gave ample power, and seemed very smooth and progressive. The springing was uniformly good, and the steering very definite and pleasant. Altogether, I found myself able to maintain excellent average speeds, while remaining entirely free from strain.

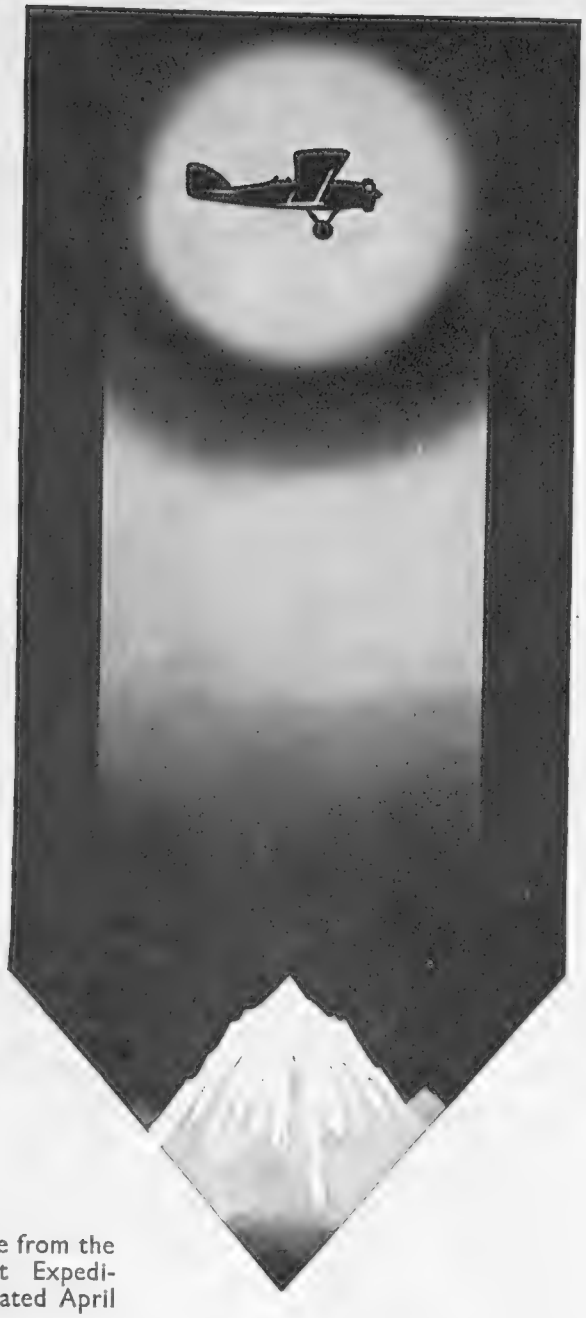
ONLY in one respect was I disappointed. The A.C. two/three-seaters which I used to drive were quite remarkable for their comfort, easily carrying three people, in addition to unlimited luggage in the dickey-seat. The present A.C. two-door saloon provides the same degree of luxury only for two people. The back seat is definitely cramped—at least, for any passengers of substantial size. There are also certain minor coachwork defects.

On the open road, however, I must freely admit that it is a very long time since I have driven a 16-h.p. car with greater pleasure. With good looks, a first-rate performance, and very "confidential" and distinctive manners, the new A.C. should find no lack of supporters.

Above: a useful luggage locker is available behind the back seat. The lid will close on any small articles, but it can also be used, if necessary, as a grid for larger suit-cases



Left: the engine is exceptionally powerful and lively. An admirable tool-kit is supplied and housed conveniently under the bonnet



A cable from the Everest Expedition dated April 3rd—

"EVEREST FLOWN TO-DAY

BY BOTH LADY HOUSTON'S AIRCRAFT . . . . HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON SPLENDID PERFORMANCE OF

WAKEFIELD **Castrol** MOTOR OIL"

IN THE WESTLAND (BRISTOL PEGASUS) AND DE HAVILLAND MOTH (GIPSY III) MACHINES

The Doggy World

Try This

By Lady Kitty Ritson

Miss Theo Watts's wire-haired Dachshund, Champion Achsel, was a prize-winner in the recent Dachshund show at Tattersall's

THE Japanese are delighted with the success of their corps of "war-dogs" and are apparently sending for some more (presumably to Germany), for the Japanese are neither animal-lovers nor good animal-trainers, and I cannot think that they would be very successful at training Army dogs.

In this country there is a prejudice against the dog being used in warfare—I don't mean from motives of humanity, but by the War Office, which asserts that they would be of no use. Not being a soldier, I am not able to argue the point when it comes to a matter of deciding whether they would be useful for laying telephone wires and work of that description, but I believe it has been proved by other armies that they were useful in saving human life when they were used instead of "runners." Not even the greatest animal-lover could argue that they would not rather (if only from economic motives) use dogs than men in these circumstances.

I MUST say that I should be more than proud if, in the event of another war, I could feel that some of my dogs had justified their existence by laying down their lives for the country. This may sound rather sentimental, but when it comes to patriotism, I am not only sentimental, but I become fierce. "My country, right or wrong" is to me one of the greatest and truest of sayings.

However, I thought it might amuse some of you to be told how to train your dog for "Army work," or, at any rate, "liaison work," for it is a useful accomplishment in everyday life, and, indeed, if you should happen to be out with your dog, in some lonely spot and should hurt yourself, it is more than useful.

THERE must be two people, and always the same two people, preferably the two whom the dog likes best, and, of course, he is sure to prefer one of those two. Begin in your garden: let the person of whom the dog is least fond, take it away a few yards, and then let the other person call it. The dog will rush to him and must be rewarded by many pats. This is fairly easy, but the difficulty arises when the dog has to return to the less-loved individual. This difficulty is best overcome by leading the dog back to him, where it should be given a titbit of something specially savoury. After a few times the favourite handler should go and hide himself; the dog will easily find him, but until you are certain that the animal understands that he absolutely must do the same with the other person, it is better for him or her to remain in sight.

Eventually the dog should be able to work over any country up to two miles, but, of course, this will not be attainable for a long time.

Books of the Week

Lost! By "Ericus"

THIS is the age of conundrums, as far as our reading is concerned. Every other book we pick up nowadays invites us to spot the perpetrator of the murder at the cross-roads, marked X on the diagram, and every newspaper to try our prophetic or elucidatory skill on a problem of some sort, the first three in the Lincoln, or "five home and five away" in a football competition, or the latest thing in cross-words. The result is that we are all getting pretty good at that sort of thing. But Mr. Claude Houghton, in his new novel, *Julian Grant Loses His Way* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), fairly has me guessing. Make no mistake. This is not a detective story. The mystery is far more comprehensive than that. In short, what is the author getting at? And what is his book all about? And if you know the answer, you may have all the cigars, bags of nuts, and blood-oranges you can carry away with you.

The story is told, largely, in retrospect. Julian Grant, following a repressed youth, finds himself, on the death of his father, an eligible parti, with London at his feet and a world of which he is pathetically ignorant, before him. His training is undertaken by a succession of inamoratæ, all of whom, without exception, he treats thoroughly badly. Eventually, to cut short a complicated but not uninteresting story, he dies, and is, presumably, seeking salvation in the next world when the story ends. But it is not all as simple as that. The middle portions of the book are plain sailing enough, with the author well into his retrospective stride and Julian reviewing the epic of perversity that was his past, as he sits in the Metropolitan Café. It is when Mr. Houghton adventures forth into the wide, open psychic spaces that the reader begins to grope blindly after him, per ardua ad astra, struggling to sort the spiritual from the material, turning back in his tracks and even peeping guiltily forward for light in the gathering darkness. Anyway, I leave the solution to you. A solution, I feel, it is worth attempting, for, though Mr. Houghton will probably bring tears of vexation to your eyes, he will certainly hold your attention by the power of his narrative and the skill of his characterisation.

Mr. Nis Petersen

The Danish author of "The Street of the Sandal-makers," which is the Book Society's April choice, and which has already been translated into fourteen languages. It is published by Lovat Dickson

MR. CARVETH WELLS combines a penchant for the remoter outposts of civilisation with a real and robust sense of humour. He specialises in discovering and describing the unexpected and paradoxical, the science of debunking, as he terms it. Here are a few examples from his latest book, *Light on the Dark Continent* (Jarrolds; 16*s.*). On the Equator, he was snow-bound and shivering with tropical fever in a hailstorm. Heather grew fifty feet high; groundsel thirty feet; and parsley nine feet. In the Arctic he nearly died of heat and suffered from mosquitoes. In Tanganyika he was bored—not gored—by lions. They lay about in the shade of trees and, after one look at the intrepid explorer, composed themselves again to sleep. Australia presents the greatest anomaly of all. Her rivers rise on the coast and run inland; her trees shed their barks and not their leaves; her aborigines spurn civilisation and yet founded the science of Eugenics. When the volcanic islet of Krakatoa exploded some years ago, pieces of it flew round the earth three times and the United States had bright blue sunsets. And so on. The book is a compendium of geographical "Believe-it-or-nots," and its author a master of the double bluff, a humorist with the intriguing knack of making the truth sound like a lie.

"LET 's all fall in love" did not work as a solution to the eternal quadrangle, as represented by the Hersens and the Herweghs, despite their enthusiasm for the quaint conceits of George Sand. This is really the gist of *The Romantic Exiles*, by Edward Hallett Carr (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*) though Hersen, after his wife's death, continued the good work she started by falling in love with the wife of yet another intimate friend. Round Hersen and his numerous progeny revolved the Engelsons, the Ogarevs, Bakunin, Dolgurukov, and many other romantic and tragic figures of the 1850's, most of them revolutionaries proscribed by their respective countries, who formed political and literary coteries wherever they happened to find themselves. Their various chronicles furnish material for a dozen novels, and Mr. Carr has fused them into a historical record which in its wit, its perception, and its realistic atmosphere, is a model of its kind.

THE Provincial Lady, that entertaining personage, made many friends for herself and her creator, Miss E. M. Delafield. *General Impressions* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a volume of random jottings from the same playfully-discerning pen. Impressions of every-day events, of a house-removal, a tennis party, a visit to the sales: (*First Perfect Stranger:* "Excuse me—I 'm afraid this is your piece of net?" *Second P.S.:* "Oh, it doesn't matter at all. I was really only *looking* at it." General Impression: that she must—judging from the condition of the piece of net—have been looking at it with both hands and a strong set of teeth); impressions of men, women and children in fiction, of what might happen if a budding playwright really went to the classics for the conception and form of his masterpiece, and of a variety of other matters fill its pages, ending with some sly skits on the style of Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Evelyn Waugh, G. B. Stern, and other prominent authors. This is a book to pick up and open anywhere, for it is brimful of that apt and subtle humour that characterises Miss Delafield's work.

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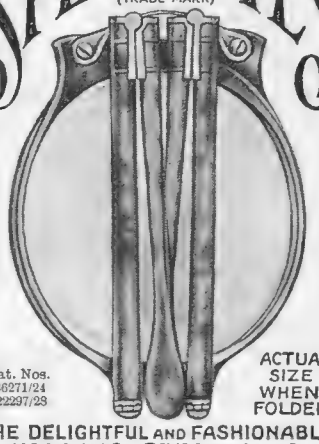

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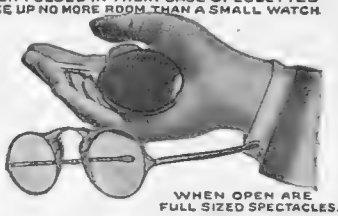

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A New Solution of an Old Problem: A Practical and Inexpensive Invention by means of which Water, Pure and Soft as Rain, flows from every Tap.

In the course of my investigations of beauty culture, in all its phases and developments, I have been struck lately by the return to soap and water in many specialists' formulæ, and I have, in these columns, drawn attention to the fact that new and excellent complexion soaps are making their appearance. I use the word "return" deliberately, because, at one time, beauty specialists and their clients had almost given up washing the delicate skin of the face and depended on creams and lotions for the necessary cleansing process. This was not surprising, because the free alkali in the majority of soaps, not specially prepared for the complexion, and the lime and chalks in hard water, have a definitely deleterious effect on the skin, causing dryness, wrinkles, coarsening and, in the case of sensitive skins, actual irritation.

There is much to be said for the supremely good cleansing creams and lotions prepared by bona fide beauty specialists and manufacturing firms of integrity, especially for what we may call the second toilet—before going out in the evening when, after exposure to air and different temperatures, reckless resort to soap and water might cause flushing. But even the most obstinate addict to the pot and the bottle "clean-up" cannot but regret the delicious refreshment of a sluice in cool spring- or rain-water—a joy necessarily forsworn by Londoners and many other city dwellers because of the hardness of the water, which makes it not only harmful to the skin, but really not cleansing.

We all know the delight of being able to wash, with impunity, when on a holiday in some country place where the water is really soft: how easily soap lathers, the sense of cleanness and refreshment and the way in which the complexion grows finer and smoother and fairer day by day.

Once more science has come to woman's rescue, and the latest response to the long-felt want for a practical and inexpensive water-softening apparatus is the Tettbro, a vitreous, portable cylinder, with stainless steel and chromium fittings, which is simple to adjust, and not at all unsightly, being made in three attractive colours likely to fit in with modern decorative schemes—pastel green, pastel blue, and cream. It can be attached to any tap, and will soften hot as well as cold water. The Tettbro water-softener attracted considerable (and eulogistic) comment at the British Industries Fair, and can be bought at any of the big stores, and costs only sixty-six shillings.

To have pure, soft water from every tap has obvious domestic advantages, economy in soap, the prevention of "furring" in kettles, pipes, etc.; but my own particular interest lies in its application to toilet matters, for the benefit of the complexion, keeping the hands soft and smooth, and the delights of shampooing the hair in really soft water. I feel bold to prophesy that these welcome and attractive Tettbro water-softeners will soon come to be considered an essential part of the equipment of every household *cabinet de toilette* and hairdresser's saloon.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

A DINNER FOR SIX

Salmon à la Maître d'Hôtel

Divide a piece of salmon into slices of half an inch and then mix on a plate two tablespoonsful of salad oil and a teaspoonful of salt and pepper. Turn the slices of fish in this on both sides, place under a gas broiler, and broil for five minutes on each side. Place in a very hot dish, spread maître d'hôtel butter over them (butter mixed with lemon juice, salt, and parsley finely-chopped), served garnished with parsley or watercress, and have thinly-cut cucumber handed.

Curried Sweetbreads (a white curry)

Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, add one onion finely sliced, 1 oz. of flour, and one tablespoonful of curry powder. Fry well together, add ¾-pint of white stock or milk, by degrees, keeping it well stirred. When the sauce is nice and smooth, add a dessertspoonful of desiccated cocoanut, and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Cut the sweetbread into pieces two inches square, and cook it in the curry sauce thirty-five minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

Caramel Mould (cold)

Put 1 oz. of castor sugar into a stewpan with one tablespoonful of water, and allow it to boil quickly until it becomes a dark colour. Pour the caramel into a dry tin, run it round the mould until thoroughly coated. When set, pour in the following: boil 1½ pints of milk, add 1 oz. of castor sugar, some lemon peel, 3 oz. of ground rice. Pour the mixture into the prepared mould; when cold and quite set, turn into a glass or silver dish, when the caramel forms a delicious sauce. Fancy pastries should be handed with this dish.

Savoury. Mushroom Toasts

Mince ten large mushrooms fine; add pepper, salt, half a cupful of gravy and a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce. Stew the mushrooms in this till cooked, then pile on rounds of fried bread, sprinkle over them a little grated cheese, and put under the gas broiler until lightly brown. Serve very hot.

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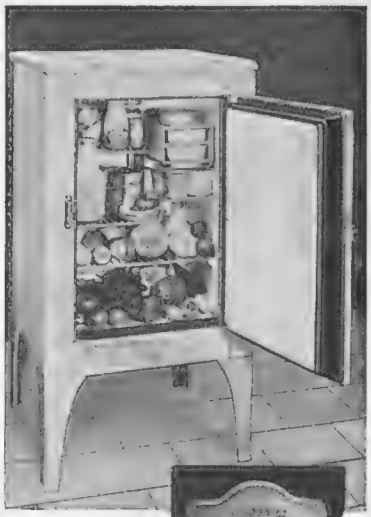

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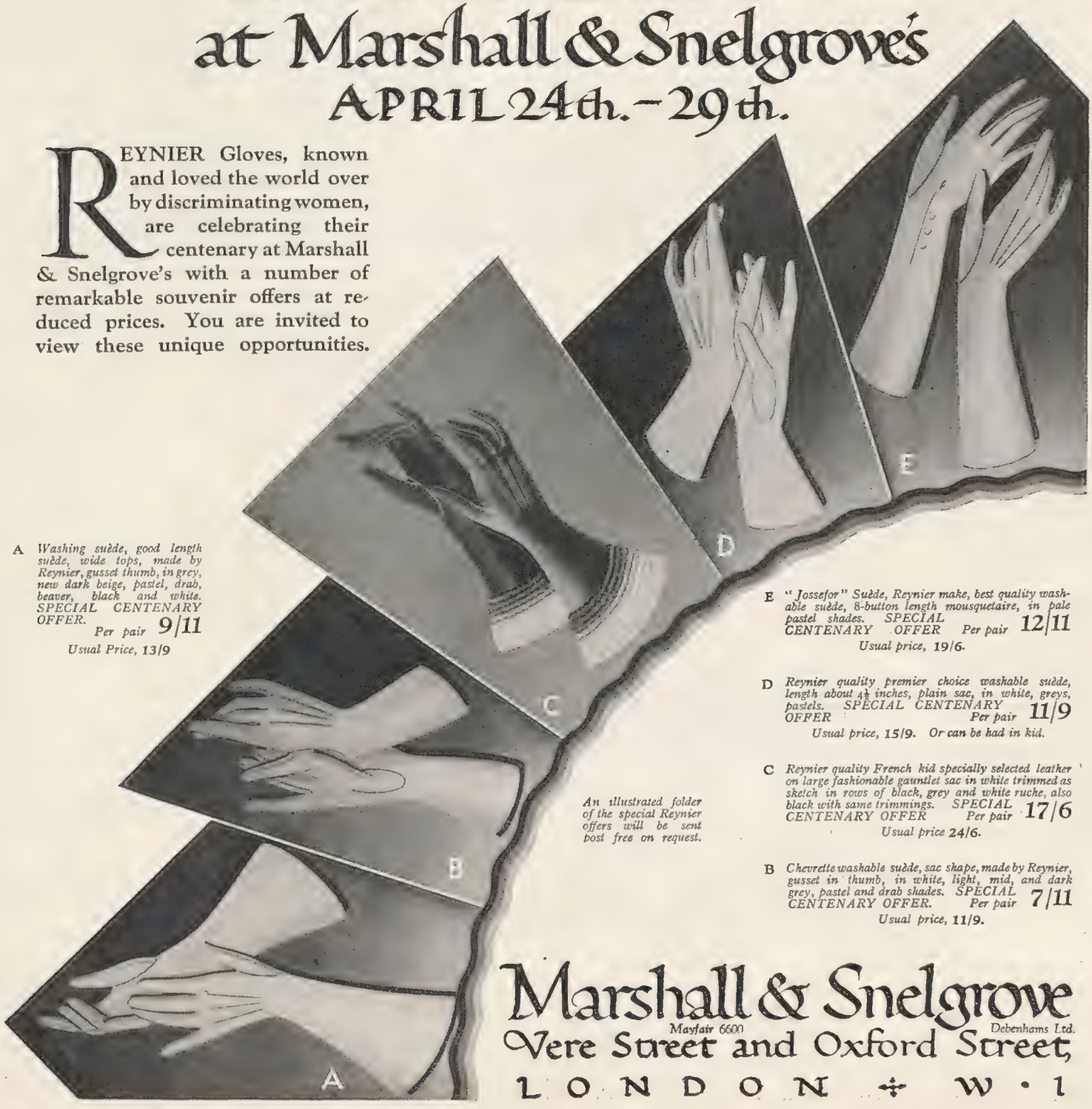

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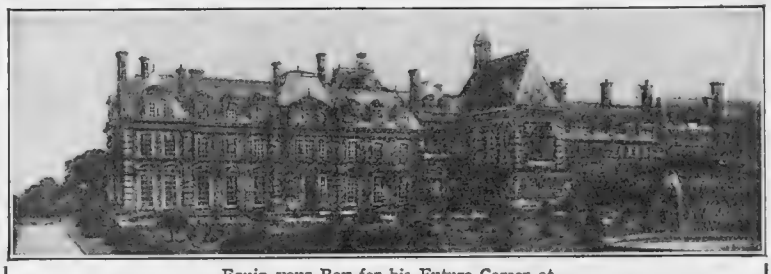

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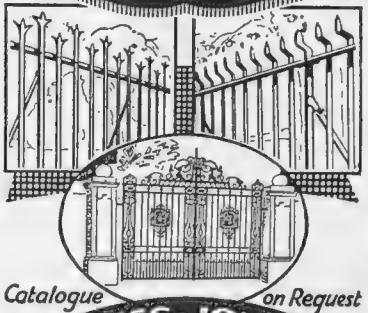

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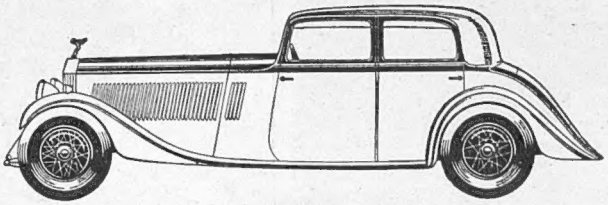

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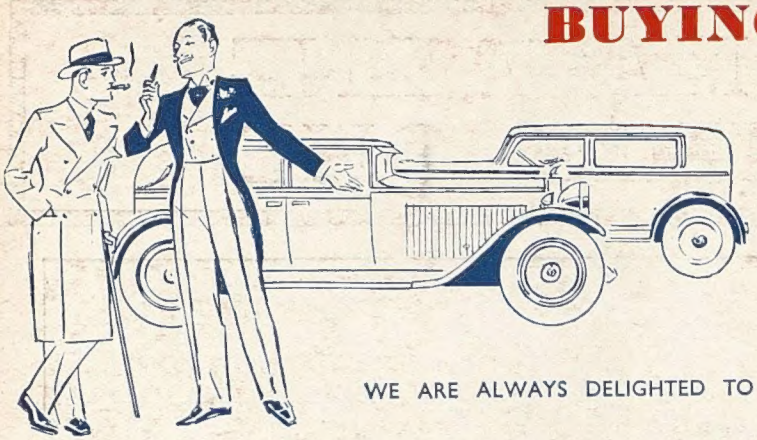

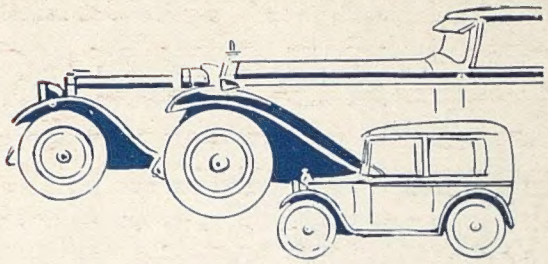

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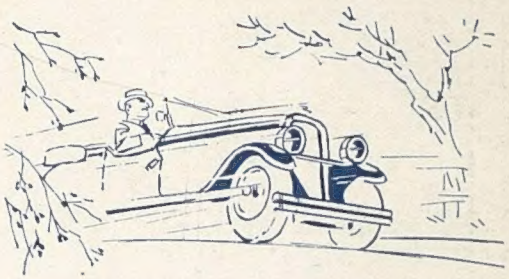

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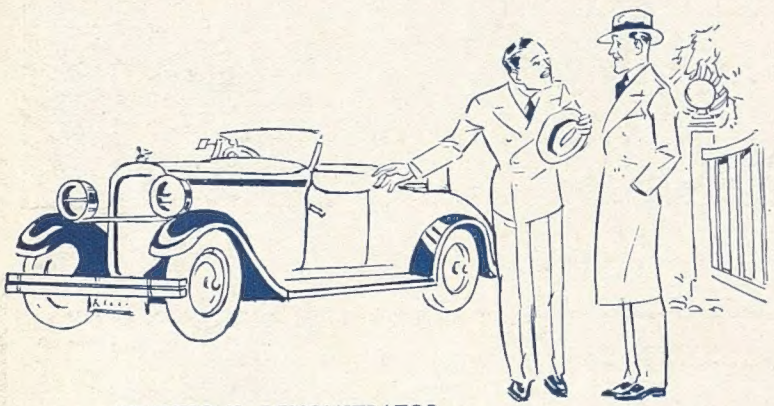

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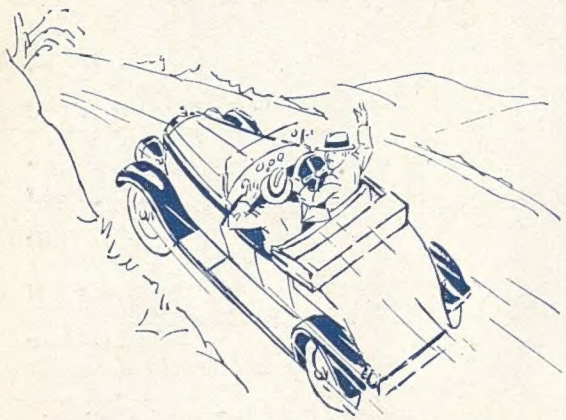

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